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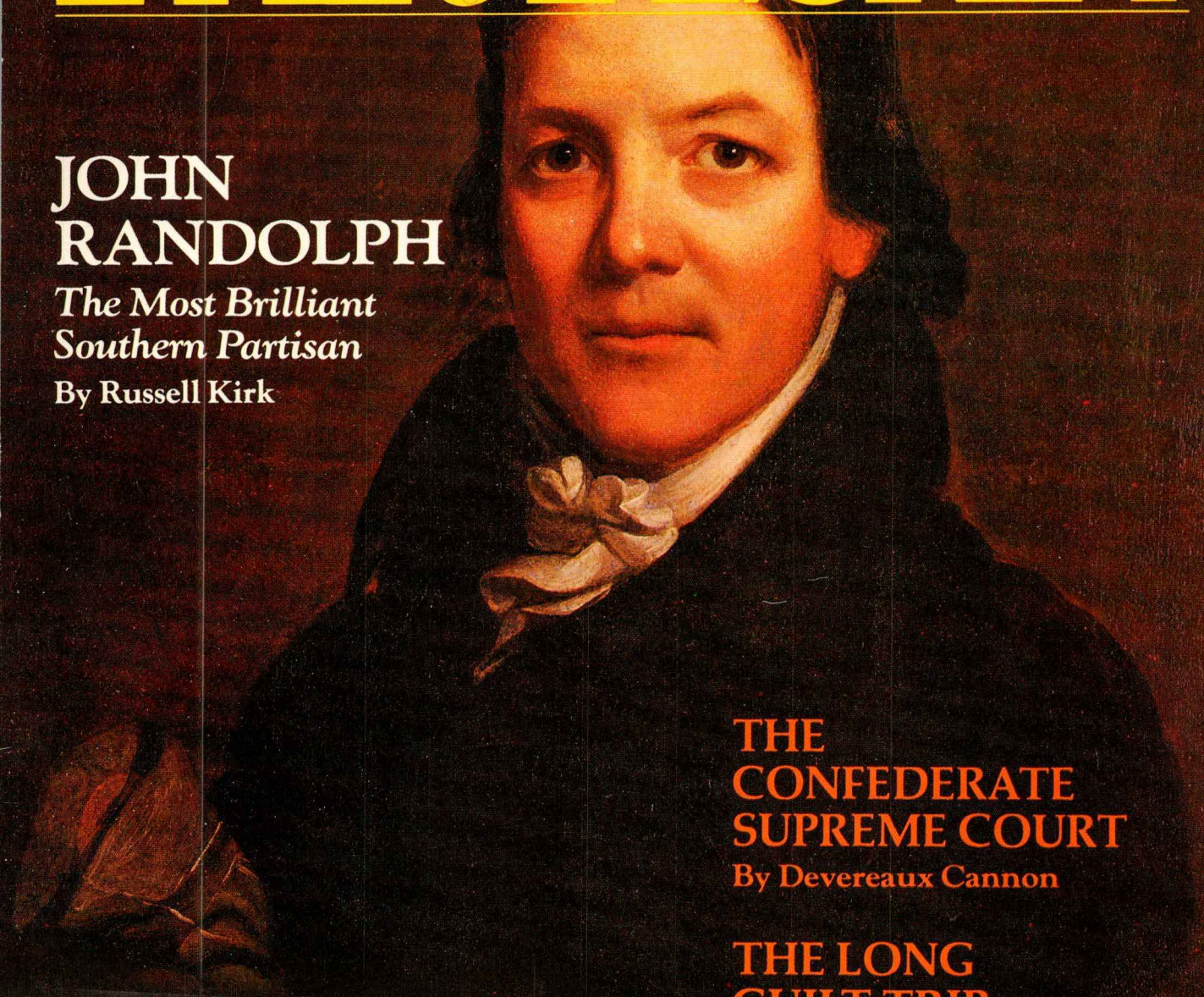

JOHN RANDOLPH
The Most Brilliant Southern Partisan
By Russell Kirk

THE CONFEDERATE SUPREME COURT
By Devereaux Cannon

THE LONG GUILT TRIP
By Warren Leamon

Fire and fall back!

It emerged from the facade of trees a mile yonder, surging around the pastoral Codori homestead and advancing relentlessly toward the Federal line that stretched from Culp's Hill to Big Round Top.

At the beginning, it had been a dreamlike apparition: a mile-long sweep of fourteen thousand Confederate infantrymen, disappearing then rising eerily from swales in the terrain, marching almost gayly as if on dress parade.

Halfway across the field, Federal skirmishers stood and opened fire, unleashing a deadly volley at the gray juggernaut.

Even as a wake of dead and wounded accrued behind it, the awesome force closed ranks and continued, undaunted.

Now the blue skirmishers, in disbelief, began retreating — loading on the run and turning to fire as they could.

Suddenly, a Confederate victory seemed more than just possible. It seemed impending.

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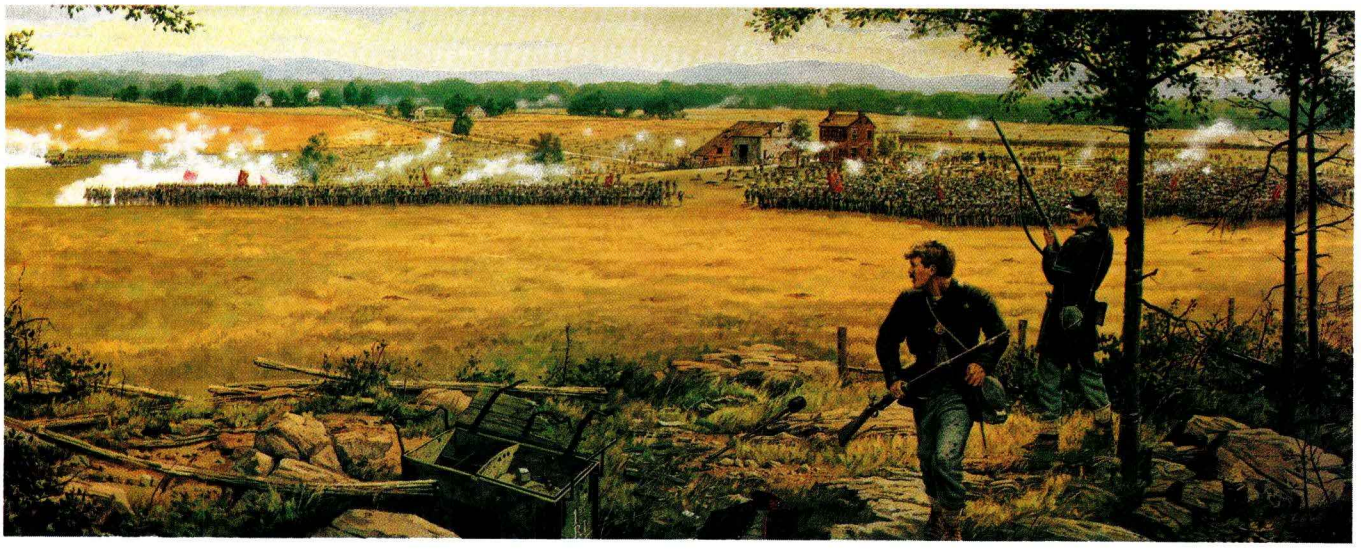

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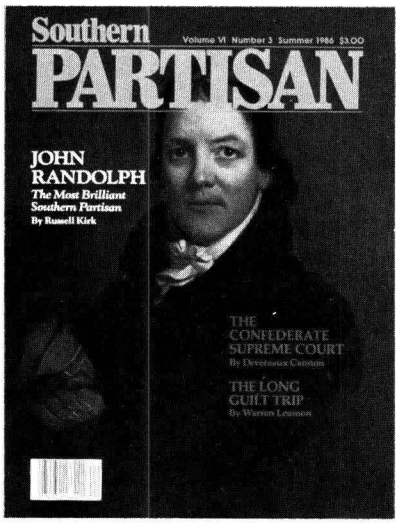

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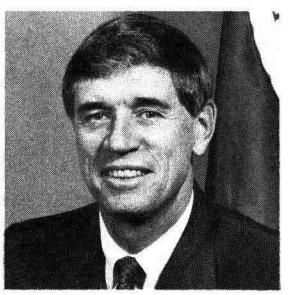

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Southern
PARTISAN

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PARTISAN LETTERS

Editor's Note: J.R. Vanover's *Whistlin' Dixie* has sparked a controversy. We have never received quite so many letters in response to a single column. Below, we have tried to reproduce major points raised by just a few of those letters.

Reactions To J.R.

Gentlemen:

...of course, black Southerners are Southerners too, and bigotry is wrong. I do notthink the men of 1861 (who took their states out of the Union to reserve to themselves the prerogative of deciding the destiny of their "peculiar institution"), or our Great Grandfathers in the 1890's (who were so ingenious in inventing devices to disenfrancise), or our fathers in the 1950's (whose now "lost cause" was to preserve "the Southern way of life") would have denied that blacks belong here, nor would they have condoned bigotry. But they did insist that the two races be kept separate (they were segregationists) and they did believe that if these two races, black and white, where to share the same geography, civility, the safety of their families, and justice required that they (the whites) be politically and socially in charge (they were committed white-supremacists). Much of the grace of "Southern culture" that one hears so much about in the pages of the *Partisan* is the legacy of those "racists" and, it can be argued, that that grace was itself the effect of the social distances they maintained and, despite the recent tides of "progressive" levelling, that they have beqeathed to us...

It seems that you cring at merely the prospect of being charged with "racial prejudice." Our forefathers had more courage (and loyalty!). I may be speaking only for myself, but I expect something more, something deeper and less patronizing, of a journal that raises the standard of Southern conservatism than a yankee obsession with the righteousness of the self given a folksy Southern accent.

David Brower
Houston, Texas

Gentlemen:

I am glad to see that your magazine has shown wisdom enough to give warning of the Southern National Party in (J.R. Vanover's column) *Whistlin' Dixie* as that group is still in existence. Yet I warn you and the readers not to underestimate them as they have become a more outspoken and perhaps militant group within the South.

They draw to them people by first showing a cover where they call for the freedom and glorification of the South by legal means and set up the new members to start cell groups. Yet by the time racism comes into play, the member is so caught up in the SNP's so called "Confederate" fervor, that they will do any act to free the South...

the works of these False Southern hate groups make them our greatest enemy; far more so than the Yankees and Communists as they live here and are seen by outsiders as our cohorts.

Jack E. Skinner Jr.
Sand Springs, Oklahoma

Gentlemen:

...J.R., you're writing for the wrong magazine. *The Southern Partisan* is simply steeped in ar-

ticles about the Old South and the Confederacy, where there was not just segregation, but the institution of slavery was actually legal. You can get botulism from reading too much of this. That's deadly stuff...

In three different columns, "Partisan View," "Obiter Dicta," and "Trivium," the writers of this magazine moan about how badly the South is being treated, and will it ever stop, or will it only get worse. They even had an interview in the same issue with Patrick Buchanan who says the South will convert the North politically. If that isn't "Whistlin' Dixie," I don't know what is...

Joy A. Privette
Denver, Colorado

Gentlemen:

J.R. Vanover's point against racial hatred is well taken. His point for equality, suggested by the title of his article, is not -- especially if the equality in question is the Egalite of the French Revolution. That notion, the bane of Western society ever since, is that all distinctions among human beings are mere illusions to be dispelled by the light of Reason...

John C. Vinson, Jr.
Athens, Georgia

Gentlemen:

As a member of the Southern National Party, I can inform Mr. Vanover that it is still alive. If he had read the party's newsletters of the past five years, he would have discovered that most writers who address the race issue do not advocate "White Supremacy." They advocate the solution offered by Thomas Jefferson.

I am sure that Mr. Vanover would consider me a "racist" because I advocate Jefferson's solution. However, I do not believe that the Jeffersonian solution is a "racist" solution in the sense of degrading or destroying a race. It is racist only in the sense that it preserves the races that God created. The new South integrationist is the true racist. Integration leads to interracial marriages, which lead irrevocably to the destruction of the races. At least it has in all other societies that have tried it. I see no reason why the South would be any different. Because of its total destructiveness, racial integration must be based upon racial hatred. Racial destruction seems to be the position advocated by Mr. Vanover...

The closest man has come to achieving equality in recent times is in the Soviet Union, communist China, and Cambodia. I doubt that many Southerners desire such a society, but if they desire equality this type of society is what they will achieve...

Thomas C. Allen
Franklinton, North Carolina

Gentlemen:

Mr. Vanover's column on the Southern National Party (SNP) puts the *Southern Partisan* itself in a bad light.

I have, unlike him, read many issues of their (SNP) publications. These are wide open readers' forum, the only common denominator being loyalty to the concept of Southern Nationhood. Their newsletter itself has published contributions that support the idea that blacks are a contributing part of the Southern whole.

Contributors have been everything from racial nationalists to radical libertarians but predominantly have a Christian, American perspective. Along with many gratuitous jibes, Mr. Vanover correctly alleges that the SNP opposes miscegaration. Well now, if Mr. Vanover is not anti-white and anti-black both at once, does he really want the two races both to disappear?...

Carl Linderholm
Auburn, Alabama

Gentlemen:

No! The white Southerner is not ready for equality, nor for the allurements of equality; nor is he ready to abandon his heritage, and the theme of his existence, of nearly four hundred years standing. Despite inroads undoubtedly being made, by a gigantic national propaganda, undoubtedly increasing its activity, the basic Southerner is a racialist, because he thinks it is charitable, because he thinks it is Christian, because he thinks it is true, because he thinks it is just...

As to whether racialism is un-Christian, a statement finally thrown in as a catch-all, or a coup-de-grace, to end the sufferings of the condemned, I refer Mr. Vanover to one final authority, that of the Rev. R.L. Dabney, "late of the Confederate Army", and chief of staff to General Stonewall Jackson himself. Sprinkle Publications, of Harrisonburg, Virginia, can furnish him with ample selections of Dabney's works; and a study of Dabney would unburden Mr. Vanover's mind, and relieve him of that misconception as to whether Christianity means equality. Dabney was a great Southerner, and a profound believer in the Christian religion. And it probably would have been a great surprise to him, and to the three generations afterwards, to have been taught at last, that the South of slavery, the South of segregation, and now the South of the de facto caste system, was not a Christian, but a heathen land...

Elmore D. Greaves
Jackson, Mississippi

Reid On The Firing Line

Gentlemen:

In view of the avalanche of outrage that is sure to come your way in the wake of Reid Buckley's column, "Professor 'iggins," in his *The Last Word* department for the Spring issue 1986, I feel that

even in the rhythms of a quarterly publication, I must rush to his support.

Mr. Buckley has dared to put remarks on the record that simply are not put there in these parlous days of our having to worship the sacred cow of feminism. In fact, it emboldens one to say more.

So the further fact is, I think, after years of close observation, that the female gender is largely mindless. Females do not function in the logical process at all. They are basically glandular, of course, and merely feel; hence the reliable folklore of women's intuition, etc.

One of the first tenets of the modern phase of the feminist movement was that there are no real differences between the genders. Man, let me tell you, there are so many differences that to live with a female is almost like having to adjust to another species altogether.

Please try to understand, however, that there are exceptions. My wife and daughter are two of the most exceptional women I know. Also, Southern ladies generally speaking.

Thomas P. McDonnell
Stoughton, Massachusetts

Gentlemen:

I recently picked up a copy of *Southern Partisan's* 1986 Spring Issue. I was impressed until I got to the last page, Reid Buckley's "The Last Word".

Mr. Buckley's column is an insult to intelligent people, male and female. He uses a few examples of women who have annoyed him and lumps us all together in a category including: lazy, silly, promicuous, egocentric, vain, stupid... The list goes on, but you get the idea.

Does Mr. Buckley truly believe that women are the only human beings who do thoughtless things such as spending too much time in a parking space at a busy post office? I have seen many men commit the same *faux pas,* especially if they were expecting a check in the mail. What about the drivers who approach an intersection with their turn signal still blinking from a previous turn, thus endangering the other drivers who are operating on the assumption that a turn is being attempted? Many of these drivers are men...

Laura B. Seifred
Athens, Georgia

Gentlemen:

Having had ancestors in South Carolina since colonial times, I enjoy reading most of the articles in *Southern Partisan.* However, I was surprised to read the tasteless, poorly written column by Reid Buckley in the spring 1986 issue. Mr. Buckley has neither the wit nor style of G.B. Shaw and betrays the petty frustrations of an aging man in his column. The column is not worthy of the Buckley tradition of erudition nor the standards of a Southern gentleman. I hope the editors can return the entire magazine to a higher standard of writing and taste in future issues.

Ada A. Charles
Union, S.C.

More On All Fronts

Gentlemen:

A few comments to the article "On all Fronts" in the Spring 1986 issue:

The admiral's name was Willis Augustus Lee, not William, and if I recall correctly he was a Vice-Admiral and is so noted in my copy of the history of the *USS Washington.*

If General Omar Bradley is known as the "GI" general then Admiral Lee was his counterpart to the men of the navy.

Lee was soft spoken and unpretentious. He would walk around groups of seamen on his way to the bridge. He invaribly had a cigarette in his hand, day and night. It was rumored that he smoked a carton of cigarettes a day. On a number of occasions, I took messages to his state room during mid-watches and he would be in bed, smoking and reading..

Incidentally, the captain of the ship during the Guadalcanal period was Glenn B. Davis who was soon promoted to Rear-Admiral and commanded a battleship division. He died with the rank of Vice-Admiral late in 1984 and was residing in South Carolina at that time, Charleston, I believe.

Edward J.F. Maslanka
Charlotte, North Carolina

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed Professor Hawkins story on "The Southern Military Tradition." May I include a few more names of Southerners who fought in World War II in positions of responsibility?

General Robert C. Richardson Jr, who commanded the vast Pacific Ocean Area, a native of South Carolina, and a true Southern gentleman.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky, who commanded the Tenth Army on Okinawa until he was killed in action.

General Lemuel C. Shephard Jr. of Virginia, who commanded the 6th Marine Division and was later commandant of the Marine Corps.

As for MacArthur, he has as much right as Patton to claim a Southern heritage. He was born in Arkansas and is buried in Virginia.

His mother, Mary Pinkney Hardy, was a member of the FFV and had two brothers who fought with General Lee.

Indeed, MacArthur once referred to himself as a "Virginian."

William F. Freehoff
Kingsport, Tennessee

PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

DRINK UP

Imagine, if you will, what would have happened 150 years ago (or even 50 years ago) if the Federal Congress had attempted to tell private citizens in sovereign States how old they had to be to drink alcoholic beverages. No, I haven't forgotten Prohibition. But that was a matter of Constitutional law, properly enacted and then properly repealed.

In our time, we have received something different: A simple act of Congress instructing the States to raise the legal drinking age to 21 or face the consequences. Incredibly, as of this writing, all but eight States complied without a whimper. And by the time you read this, the few holdouts may have fallen in line, marching in lockstep to the distant pounding of federal drums.

Actually, the metaphor is all wrong. It isn't the pounding of drums so much as the jingling of cash that causes the States to comply so readily. The federal command was simple: Do as you're told or forfeit 68 billion dollars in federal aid. Terrified over the prospect of losing handouts we have learned to depend on, most of us blushed a little, dropped our eyes in shame and then stood in line with hands outstretched.

In recent decades, this same system of control by threatening to withdraw funds has been used to impose federal standards in public housing, classrooms, health, education and welfare. And nothing frightens State officials more than the prospect of losing their share of the federal treasury. Never mind that the treasury was filled in the first place by citizens of the States (we forget that the federal government is really nothing more than a massive recycling plant for funds lifted from the pockets of local citizens).

What student of early American character would have predicted such bovine behavior, such a debilitation of the spirit?

Of course, I am not arguing against the idea of the 21-year-old drinking age. That may well be prudent (although we would save far more lives on the highways if we disallowed adolescent driving rather than drinking). Some States might well choose a higher limit, others not.

What's so distressing is that nobody, except the irrepressible Governor Edwin Edwards of Louisiana (see "CSA Today") bothered to complain that when or whether we drink is none of their business in Washington.

Is the power to regulate consumption of alcohol expressly granted to the central government by the Constitution? Not the last time I checked. Then, by the language of that document, the matter becomes the exclusive business of the States, since all powers not expressly given the central government are expressly denied. That was the original deal, the most fundamental concept of Constitutional law. And no one seems to remember or to care.

Of course, the issue of the drinking age is really irrelevant to the principle involved. In fact, many Southerners are opposed to drinking altogether. Ironically, if we went to war over the Constitutional question (and if we lost) a century from now historians would probably write that we fought to preserve our bourbon, just as they write today that the South fought to keep slavery. Part of the myopia of our time is the inability to separate cause from circumstance. The fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* permeates most of what has been written about the War Between the States (e.g., slavery existed and we fought. Therefore we must have fought to preserve slavery).

Now, on the issue of the drinking age, we can derive some comfort from the fact that the eight States who defied the federal order (Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Ohio, South Dakota, Tennessee, Louisiana and Wyoming) are all relatively small, which may indicate that the less urbanized States retain the most independent qualities. And two of the States are Southern. But too many of them are *not* Southern, by which I mean the spirit to resist on principle should be more widespread than it is among members of the Old Confederacy.

Led by South Dakota, the eight who resisted are now appealing to the Supreme Court, which will give the new chief justice an interesting case to ponder. In the meantime, let us add one more instruction to the list. We have already been told where our children must go to school, what they must be taught there, who we must hire and how fast we may drive on our roads. Now Washington will also tell us when to begin the cocktail hour.

Just one more little feather plucked from the bird of freedom. And what does it matter? The little buzzard forgot how to fly a long time ago anyway.

OBITER DICTA

A BOATLOAD OF LOST YANKEES

Let's get our history back!

Dick Cavett narrated a documentary some time ago which was recommended by the National Education Association. It dealt with the growth of America's transportation system. Cavett started by saying he would show how America went from a small New England settlement and spanned the continent.

It is shocking how few people realize that the *Mayflower* landed in Massachusetts because it got lost on the way to Virginia, which already had an elected government, today called the Virginia legislature (the North, you see, began by mistake, and has largely continued that tradition).

This is a serious matter. America did not begin as a sinkhole of religious bigotry, and the term Puritan fathers is insulting.

Anyone who doubts the immediate importance of history should be required to explain why every totalitarian regime begins by rewriting it.

Not only did Virginia found America, but when the Constitution was written, more than a fifth of our entire population lived in that State alone. Throughout our first thirty-six years under that Constitution, Virginians of both parties held the Presidency, with the exception of John Adams' single term. For over two hundred years from its beginning, American history was shaped by what began in 1607 at Jamestown, not by a boatload of lost Yankees in 1620.

This whole business of America beginning at Plymouth Rock started in 1865, when they stole everything else along with our history. Even William Buckley wrote a column repeating this fallacy. He should know that it is impossible to develop a true American conservatism if one does not understand the first half of the country's history.

Our duty is to correct this distortion every time it appears. That means all of us must do our part. If you see it, fire at it.

RAMBO SOUTHERN VILLAIN

The second *Rambo* movie has come to cable. So, some of us who have heard a lot about it are seeing it for the first time.

Rambo was part of the early wave of 1980s films featuring a Russian Communist villain. Nonetheless, the rules also require an evil Southener too, no matter how anti-Communist they are--Yankees hate the South.

In fact, there is an especially unpleasant twist to this bad guy. Through the years, Southern accents represented Evil against liberal Good. We were the shrieking, Bible-pounding flag-wavers who repeated all those passe slogans.

Now that those slogans are back in style, Hollywood is giving the Southerner a role-reversal. So here we have Rambo saving our MIAs despite the Southern wimp in charge of the operation who wants the prisoners forgotten.

This is worse than the old stereotype. It is yet another demonstration of Yankee ingratitude. For most Southerners, wimpdom is the barrel's absolute bottom, and no title could be more unfair. For two centuries the South formed America's military foundation. We were the only region during the post-Vietnam period to remain steadfast in our support for national defense, and our role then was vital.

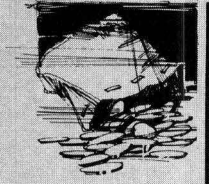
By 1980, America's defense was in such disastrous shape that even the television networks were worried. But what would it have been like without Southern pro-defense people in Congress?

For one thing, the fancy equipment Rambo used on his rescue mission would never have been manufactured. But we can't trouble Hollywood with such subtleties. They need a bad guy, so tell central casting to send up another Southern accent.

MEDIA *SI*

If you don't think there's a difference in television networks, check out Cable News Network (CNN). It's not just a more balanced account of daily news with the ability and willingness to cover a wider variety of stories and newer faces. There's something subtler at work here. At first you don't notice it. Then, suddenly, it dawns on you: Many of the academic experts who sit puffing their pipes and pontificating on the events of the day are *Southerners!* Instead of a Harvard professor in a three-piece suit telling you what the latest economic indicators mean, it's some guy from Georgia Tech in a blue blazer and khaki pants. Same solemn air, same academic jargon, and the same quiet arrogance. It's just that these are not Yankee jackasses, these are *our* jackasses; and some how it makes them a little more bearable. We can take this kind of superciliousness from professors at Emory and the University of Georgia because we hear them speak with the fallible tongue of our own down-trodden region.

And one more thing. It reminds us that the balance of power has shifted ever so subtly over the past five years, that Ted Turner's electronic empire is the forerunner



SCALAWAG AWARD

Abolitionism is alive and well and living in the United States Senate. The sanctions vote on South Africa was the most cynical (not to mention hypocritical) example we've seen in a long time of politicasters at work. In this regard, Hollings of South Carolina takes top honor for his ludicrous comment that the Declaration of Independence (i.e., the "all men are created equal" part) is a cornerstone of American foreign policy. If so, then why do we not sanction the Soviets who meddle in such creative ways with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Mainly because the residents of the Gulag have not yet hired a lobbyist or organized a political action committee.

In the case of South Africa, the black political lobby made sanctions their number one priority. So the complexity of the issue was lost in an ocean of demagoguery. Of course, the blacks of South Africa will be the ones to be hurt most by sanctions.

But let's not be distracted by the facts. Politics must come first.

So this time, we give our Scalawag corporately to all those Southern senators who voted for sanctions. Especially they should know better, because they come from a region with long experience in dealing with all those righteous reformers who love to take care of other people's business.

In case you're counting, the Scalawags are:
Danforth (Missouri)
Hawkins (Florida)
Mattingly (Georgia)
Mathias (Maryland)
McConnell (Kentucky)
Trible (Virginia)
Warner (Virginia)
Bensen (Texas)
Bumpers (Arkansas)
Byrd (West Virginia)
Chiles (Florida)
Eagleton (Missouri)
Ford (Kentucky)
Gore (Tennessee)
Heflin (Alabama)
Hollings (South Carolina)
Johnston (Louisiana)
Long (Louisiana)
Nunn (Georgia)
Rockefeller (West Virginia)
Sarbanes (Maryland)
Sasser (Tennessee)
Stennis (Mississippi)

of things to come. After watching CNN we can lean back, close our eyes, and dream of a day when we will finally have stolen all the people, all the money, and all the technology from the Northeast. At that point, people in Boston and New York will be huddled around their television sets every night--eyes wide, mouths closed--listening to the anchor men on all three networks begin the evening news by saying: "Evenin'. How y'all doin'?"

MEDIA NO

Few Southerners were grieved to watch the pageant of CBS's bleeding heart as its profits tumbled, its acquisitions went sour, and its president resigned.

Dan Rather stumbled over the words as he read the bulletin which was handed to him just as he went off the air. And well he might, because one of the factors in the change was the decline in ratings for CBS Evening News, which in August had the lowest audience share in the show's history.

According to analysts there are a lot of factors involved in the network's decline, among them mismanagement, Ted Turner's attempted takeover, and competition from Cable and independent stations. Not mentioned was the hubris of CBS management and staff, the arrogance that enabled them for so many years to live in an ideological world and to report the events of the day as if that world were not only real but accepted as such by every other American.

Despite Dan Rather and his fellow myth-makers, the American people have elected Ronald Reagan twice, stopped running around long-haired and wild-eyed, and have grown quietly cynical about network television. They no longer believe as they did when Walter Cronkite was reinventing the meaning of "objectivity" that what you heard and saw on the tube was somehow transcendently true.

Raised on H.Z. Kaltenborn and Raymond Gramm Swain, Americans trusted radio and television newsmen beyond the point where they could reasonably do so. But no longer. Years and years of shameless conduct have surely contributed to the dire economic consequences at CBS. It's as if a bunch of crooked bank executives have been found out and how people were withdrawing their money against that day, not far off, when there would be nothing left in the vault.

SLIP OF THE LIP

The latest celebrity chic (according to a recent report in *USA Today)* is to contribute conspicuously to political parties and candidates. The newspaper published a long list of media stars, like Paul Newman, Frank Sinatra and Lee Iacocca, alongside a column of six- and seven-digit political con-

tributions. "People realize you can't give lip service," according to consultant Mary Kuhn.

Then the same article reported that the largest gift came from Barbra Streisand who charged $2,500 per listener to hear her sing a few songs. The event collected $1.5 million for the Democratic Party, proving that lip service can indeed pay off in some places.

In the South, of course, we would never pay that much to hear anybody sing, even somebody real good like Ernie Ford. And it isn't because we're poor. We just don't have the same worshipful attitude toward celebrities. Only barbeque or, in a pinch, chicken bog, can capture our political imagination. Music is fine. But after a Barbra Streisand concert, you still have to eat when you go home. If you have your appetite.

MORE ON THE COPPERHEADS

Sheldon Vanauken, author of *The Glittering Illusion* and the celebrated *A Severe Mercy,* writes:

"Last week a gentleman from Indiana, once part of Virginia's western domain, came to see me. Elmer Bowers of Goshen, Indiana. His wife had died, and my book, he said, had helped him cope. In the course of conversation, mindful of the fascinating article by Richard Hines and Stephen Page Smith on 'The Copperheads' *(Southern Partisan,* Spring & Summer, 1985), I asked Mr. Bowers whether he knew the origin of *Copperhead;* and then, when he didn't, told him about the 'badge of liberty', the large penny of the eighteen thirties and forties. I noticed that he was rather excited. When I had done, he told me how he, as a boy of nine in 1934, had gone out to feed the chickens...and found an 1834 Liberty penny the chickens had scratched up. Just 100 years old. He took it to an expert; and they noticed that on the reverse side bits of solder still adhered, though neither he nor the 'expert' knew what that meant. When he got home, he sent it to me, saying it must be mine 'for the next 100 years' in token of his appreciation of my book. It is plain that the penny had been soldered to a clasp or pin: and plain, too, that those who favored the South -- the Copperheads-- did not always chop the head of Liberty out of the penny to wear in their buttonhole but, rather, wore the whole penny. After all, the thirteen stars that surround the head might equally represent the thirteen stars of the Southern Cross."

AIDING HOMOSEXUALS

Representative Roy P. Dyson of Maryland is in trouble, and all because he didn't pay attention. Or at least that's his explanation.

It seems that not too long ago he joined with the House Democratic leadership in killing a Republican effort to stop the D.C. Government from giving homosexuals special insurance breaks in the nation's capital. The D.C. City Council had decided, in a fit of ideological fervor, that insurance companies should be prohibited from assigning higher rates to people just because they tested positive for AIDS. Never mind that AIDS is probably the most expensive disease in the market place. Never mind that according to preliminary research perhaps 30% of those people eventually develop the disease which is enormously difficult to treat and invariably fatal. Never mind that several companies have announced plans to pull out of the D.C. market rather than charge exorbitant insurance rates.

Dyson's opponent, Harlan C. Williams, a Republican, immediately pounced on the issue, saying: "I've never heard of anything so ridiculous businesswise...You have to wonder why he voted that way."

Dyson's reply was that when the matter came up he hadn't understood what he was doing: "I really don't know anything about the issue," he said. "You know it was a procedural vote and they don't get the airing a regular legislative bill would require...If you walk on the floor completely green, you have all of fifteen minutes or less." As for his opponent, Harlan Williams, no doubt in the spirit of fair play, Dyson was solicitous: "I think Harley has to be careful about taking an issue like this from the religious right. I also think the voters are tired of negative campaigns."

But his friendly warning fell on deaf ears. The last time we heard, old Harley (bless his soul) wasn't being careful at all. He was in there, swinging away at Dyson, acting so negative you wouldn't believe it.

JOHN EAST, RIP

For some of us, John East was the best man in the Senate: he voted right, and in addition he was a genuine scholar, a politician with academic credentials who thought deeply about the nature of the American political tradition and understood the importance of enterprises like the *Southern Partisan.* After he was stricken with a disease that put him in a wheelchair for life, he embarked on a new career, became a famous man, and raised an influential voice in the United States Senate. No one could question his courage or his willingness to suffer the worst pain imaginable--provided he was himself. The fact that he was under strong medication at the time he took his life explains all.

He fled the darkness he saw closing in around him. Left behind in dappled light, we will miss him.

TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

NO MORE SHACKS

I didn't know what or whom I'd come to see. I only knew I was sitting in the blessed cool of an air-conditioned Baptist church, surrounded by people wearing T-shirts emblazened with the slogan NO MORE SHACKS. It was obvious as well that the former Mississippi Governor who was introducing the main speaker didn't quite know what was going on either. His language was vague and conventional, and I wasn't sure if he was talking about an incumbent politician or a saint in the Christian church.

As it turns out, he was talking about the latter. The man he was introducing was Millard Fuller who, when the Governor finally called his name, came bounding onto the stage, looking like an adolescent heron. Tall and skinny, he walked with a pronounced stoop, as if he were hinged in the middle so that he could be folded up and stored under a bed.

When he began to speak, however, he was the farthest thing from gawky and uncertain. Fuller, son of an Alabama share-cropper who became a millionaire at the age of twenty-eight, is the head of Habitat for Humanity, a movement ("not a mass movement, he is careful to point out) dedicated to building houses for poor people. As simple as that. Fuller and his band of followers find some one who is living in a shack or an abandoned vehicle and they build that person a house. They buy or scrounge the materials, they get tools together, they find a suitable piece of property, and they start pouring concrete. When they are through, they move on and do it all over again somewhere else.

Lest all this sound like something the Federal Government ought to be running, let me make a few important distinctions.

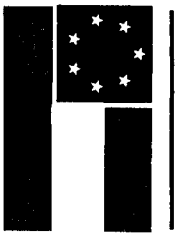
First, this is no secular enterprise. Millard Fuller is doing what he's doing in the name of Jesus Christ, and that fact probably makes a big difference to most of the people who follow him. One of the reasons why secular do-goodism fails so often (though not always) is because it is cut off from the spiritual roots from which it originally sprang. The imperative to feed, clothe, and shelter the outcasts of society came from the Judeo-Christian tradition. There is nothing "natural" about that impulse. If any thing, it runs counter to the survival instinct that exists in all of us. And the reason the poor are with us these days in ever-increasing numbers is because we are less and less religious in our outlook and behavior. Yet Fuller invokes the name of Jesus, probably loses a few potential disciples in the process, and builds more and more houses every year.

Second, when Fuller's people leave someone in a house and move onward, the ones left behind don't tear the fixtures off the wall, break the windows, and urinate in the hallway. But that's not because Fuller's beneficiaries are somehow finer and more reasonable people than those genial tenants who a few years ago moved into a famous St. Louis housing project and raized the place like Genghis Khan's Mongol hordes.

When Fuller's builders begin work they include their beneficiaries in the planning and building of their own place. No one is patronizing. No one comes with bureaucratic paperwork or imputent questions. They come with love, because they are a holy, private, self-funded group, and consequently the Supreme Court can't restrain them from talking about Love, which is another name for God, the Holy Spirit. (You try talking about the Holy Spirit and taking applications for a Federal housing project!).

Fuller's idea is that Love confers dignity, that when something is given in the name of God, the recipient can't really resent the gift; all he can do is try to be worthy of it. A hard thing to live up to, maybe, but apparently you begin by not tearing the fixtures off the wall, breaking the windows, or urinating in the hall.

Finally, Fuller's project is different from Federal housing because he doesn't march off, like Sherman's army, and leave the freed man a slave to economic necessity or to his own emancipator. Fuller, who grew up on hard-scrabble land, knows the world better than that. Everyone who gets a house also gets a job, so that he can pay back the loan and in so doing help build houses for others. That way he too becomes one of Christ's disciples, a giver as well as a receiver. And his elevation to a higher level of blessedness also confers dignity. (The loan is of course interest-free.)



CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

At least half of the folks in Alabama are hoppin' mad over a recent ruling by the Federal Appeals Court which has allowed Bill Baxley to keep the Democratic nomination for Governor even though Baxley got 8,756 fewer votes than the other guy in the primary, Charlie Graddick.

Briefly, here's what happened: Graddick got the most votes in the June 24 Democratic Primary, but Baxley complained that thousands of Republicans voted for Graddick illegally. The Democratic Party agreed and gave Baxley the nomination. Now the Federal Court says Baxley can keep the nomination because a "scientific survey" has proven that a lot of Republicans did indeed vote illegally in the Democratic Primary.

Graddick is appealing the decision to the U.S. Supreme Court, but meanwhile sources tell us he has ordered 1,000,000 pencils with his name engraved to launch a write-in effort in the November election. Cullman Probate Judge Guy Hunt is the GOP nominee and what will happen now is anybody's guess. Our informed source predicts a Baxley victory (by plurality) if Graddick runs a write-in. But if Baxley people support Hunt, the Republican, it's too close to call.

November

Annual Creek Indian Thanksgiving Day Homecoming and Pow-Wow (Nov. 21)
Poarch, Alabama (205) 368-9136

19th Annual Port City Craftsmen Fall Show and Sale (Nov. 22-23)
Mobile, Alabama (205) 661-9053

ARKANSAS

William Jones of Little Rock is not worried these days about who is going to win the elections this fall. He's worried about the end of the world, which he says will occur sometime between now and November 4. Johnson, who describes himself as "a self-ordained minister of the gospel," says that he first received word concerning imminent apocalypse from "a powder blue owl" that perched in a pine tree just outside his second-story bedroom window.

"At first I wasn't sure that it was doing anything but hooting, but after I'd listened for a while, I began to make out words. It would have told me the exact day and hour, I believe, but some teenagers drove by and scared it away."

Johnson and his wife have quit their jobs and are remaining at home waiting and praying. A neighbor grocery shops for them twice a week and also walks their dog each morning.

"No," she said, "I don't think the world is coming to an end next month. But everyone has a right to their opinion."

November

Heritage Celebration and Open House (Nov. 1)
Redfield, Arkansas

Celebrate Arkansas (Nov. 8)
Blytheville, Arkansas

FLORIDA

As we go to press the latest polls show Democrat Bob Graham slightly ahead of Republican Paula Hawkins in Florida's hot Senatorial race. Senator Hawkins, one of two women in the Senate, has been plagued from the beginning by press reports that she has dire medical problems and that she will be unable to serve in good health if elected. Particularly zealous in circulating these reports is the *Washington Post*, which, Senator Hawkins herself has pointed out, "just happens to be owned by my opponent's family." She maintains that after therapy, her back is again fully functional.

Graham, one of the bumper crop of "New South" Governors, hoping to end up in the Senate, has indeed received favorable treatment from the media, and at present seems to be comfortably in the lead. Senator Hawkins, one of the Republicans in the upper chamber who has made some effort to see Southerners appointed to posts in the Administration, is still in the race, however; and the President is coming down to give her campaign a boost.

So the Gipper's powers, especially among his own age group (the senior vote is a major factor here) will soon be tested.

November

The 1986 Florida Challenger 7Km Run/
Walk-a-Thon to benefit the Astronauts'
Memorial Foundation Inc. (Nov. 22)
(305) 740-7373 All 67 Florida Counties

Sun 'N Fun Festival (Nov. 1-2)
Hollywood, Florida (305) 920-3330

Crafts Festival, Ringling Museum (Nov. 22-23)
Sarasota, Florida (813) 355-5101

GEORGIA

The Jimmy Carter Presidential Center was dedicated in Atlanta in early October (a $25 million monument to the Carter years).

Ronald Reagan, the man who whipped Carter, was on hand saying the sort of conciliatory things such occasions demand, praising Carter for his "passion" and "commitment," while

Walter Mondale, another Reagan victim, sat in the audience smiling, looking passionate and committed.

Carter, however, made a comment worth noting. As he shook his old foe's hand, Carter said "As I listened to you speak, I understood more clearly than I ever have before in my life why you won in November 1980 and I lost."

On one level, of course, Carter was merely complementing the President on his eloquence. But there was a deeper meaning you'll be hearing repeated with great frequency in the months ahead. The new strategy of the national Democrats is to attempt a critical separation between Reagan persona and politika. The old boy was a real charmer (they will be saying) and that's *really* why he won. Not because the American people endorsed his politics.

Once again, Democratic strategists have miscalculated the mood of the country. Most of us (especially Southern voters who provided victory margins for both Reagan and Carter as we will for whomever becomes the next President) expected Ronald Reagan to be *more* conservative than he has been, not less. But rarely are the lessons of history learned until it's too late.

November

3rd Annual Pioneer Skill Day (Nov. 1)
Royston, Georgia (404) 245-6270

Jekyll's Christmas Island 1986 (Nov. 21)
Jekyll Island, Georgia (800) 841-6586

KENTUCKY

Sam Smith of Louisville was arrested in late summer for disturbing the peace. It seems that he was keeping chickens in violation of a city ordinance forbidding such a heinous practice, and his neighbors were tired of the noise and order. Smith appeared before the judge and agreed to remove the five chicken coops that surrounded his two-story house, and the neighbors agreed to drop the charges.

Sure enough, a truck came, loaded up the empty chicken coops, and drove off into the sunset, leaving the neighborhood quiet and relatively odor-free. But no one saw the chickens go, and for two or three days people kept hearing cackles as if from a far away place -- nothing too raucous, no more than a faint suggestion of barnyard noise, just below the level of sound.

Then a next-door neighbor happened to be looking out her window one morning and saw a face peering at her through the second-story window of Mr. Smith's house. It was the face of a chicken.

Hauled back into court, Mr. Smith claimed that he had not acted in contempt of court. He was not "keeping chickens" he claimed, the chickens were now "guests in my home."

Did he not intend to kill them and sell them to a local open-air market as he had been doing?

"No, your honor," he said. "They are going to enjoy my hospitality until they die a natural death."

Smith, whose house is not air-conditioned, says he keeps his windows closed in order to avoid offending his neighbors, and reporters asked him if it wasn't difficult for him during the unseasonably hot weather of early September.

"Some days it has been pretty rank in there," he admitted.

November

International Night (Nov. 8)
Prestonburg, Kentucky (606) 325-0142

Thanksgiving Day Feast (Nov. 27)
Washington, Kentucky (606) 759-7423

LOUISIANA

The federal government, as we all know by now, is pressing the States to raise the legal drinking age to 21. As of this writing all but eight States have decided to go along with the federal mandate rather than lose coveted funds for building new highways.

Louisiana is one of the eight holdouts now sueing the feds for meddling in local affairs. Of all the Governors, Edwin Edwards seems to feel the strongest about this latest encroachment. While most of us are content to focus on the unconstitutionality of such measures, Edwards (never a man to hold back) called the new anti-drinking requirement "Unholy and indecent."

November

Louisiana Pecan Festival (Nov. 7-8)
Colfax, Louisiana

Destrehan Plantation Fall Festival (Nov. 8-9)
Destrehan, Louisiana

Christmas in Roseland (Nov. 28)
Shreveport, Louisiana

MARYLAND

Marylanders mark the centennial of the dedication of The Second Maryland Infantry CSA Memorial in Gettysburg; Pennsylvania, on November the 19th. The austere memorial was the first Confederate monument to be raised in Gettysburg. Located on the western slope of Culp's Hill, it does little to stop the traffic of tourists seeking the lookout tower and other more popular attractions. The click of camera shutters does not disturb the serenity of this visage. But if you stop, look and ponder you will soon feel the tide of history resting on this place, taking you back to those hot days in July of 1863. This is one of those what-if places, where history could have been changed, but wasn't.

One hundred years ago, Marylanders decided to remember their Confederate sons who fought at Gettysburg, so they erected a monument. It wasn't the biggest, but it was the first to remind visitors that Southern men had been there and that their sacrifice would not be forgotten.

--Contributed by Harry E. Bichy

November

Chesapeake Appreciation Day Festival (Nov. 1-2)
Annapolis, Maryland (301) 647-4747

Sugar Loaf's Autumn Craft Festival (Nov. 21-23)
Gaithersburg, Maryland (301) 831-9191

MISSISSIPPI

The political scene in Mississippi is relatively quiet this year, with no statewide races scheduled. Four out of five of the Congressional seats will be contested, however, with Democrat Sonny Montgomery the only incumbent enjoying a free ride. (Montgomery is a boll weevil who generally supports the President.)

Trent Lott, Republican minority whip, and Wayne Dowdy, a wishy-washy Democrat, both seem safe enough; but the courts have been meddling in the First and Second Districts, and as a consequence no one is quite sure what will happen. The Second District, presently served by Republican Webb Franklin, is now predominantly black; and Franklin is running against a black opponent. Two years ago he barely squeaked by. This year, with blacks making race the primary issue once again, Franklin will have a tough fight. If liberal whites (there are a few in Mississippi) in sufficient numbers vote with the race-conscious blacks, then the Democrats will pick up a seat in Mississippi.

On the other hand, in the First District, forty-five year incumbent Jamie Whitten has been less exposed by the court-ordered redistricting; and Oxford war hero Larry Cobb is given a chance to upset the Ancient Pistol, who is at times rambling and forgetful in his public appearances.

Cobb's chances were given a boost recently when *U.S. News and World Report* speculated that younger Democrats would oust Whitten from his House Appropriations Chairmanship come January, despite the fact that Whitten has been voting with Northern liberals on the crucial issues the past few years. Their complaint: "Whitten is too old and too dictitorial."

November

Concert, featuring Feriante and Teicher,
duo pianists. (Nov. 6)
Columbus, Mississippi (601) 328-1914

The 20th Century (Nov. 11)
Jackson, Mississippi (601) 960-1515

Veterans' Day Celebration (Nov. 15)
Pascagoula, Mississippi

MISSOURI

Missouri is breathing a sigh of relief. Terrorized in late summer by a Rasputin look-alike who kidnapped five people and eluded police for days and days, despite the fact that he was wounded. Finally they cornered him in a barn, stormed in, and found him inside—dead. The man, a convicted murderer, had been released from prison only a short time earlier. Doctors later said that he behaved normally provided he continued to receive medication. Once released from prison, he obviously neglected to take his medicine.

November

Autumn Historical Folklife Festival (Nov. 1-2)
Hannibal, Missouri (314) 221-6545

American Royal Livestock, Horse Show & Rodeo (Nov. 9-22)
Kansas City, Missouri (816) 221-9800

NORTH CAROLINA

The *Congressional Record* turned blue recently and our favorite Senator's face was a little red. As part of his effort to ban telephonic pornography, Senator Jesse Helms placed in the *Congressional Record,* a package of evidence documenting how pornographers use telephone lines for profit. Inadvertently included in the package was a "lurid" transcript of one of the messages used by the Dial-A-Porn Service.

Maintaining his sense of humor, Helms said, "I've made that *Congressional Record* the most popular document in Washington."

November

Christmas at Biltmore House (Nov. 28)
Asheville, North Carolina (704) 274-1776

Mid Pines Invitational Golf Tournament (Nov. 1)
Southern Pines, North Carolina (919) 692-2114

SOUTH CAROLINA

Readers who have visited Charleston recently (say, in the past ten years) have mourned the greedy retooling of genuine old world charm into something new and tacky that only looks old to tourists from New Jersey. We have noted on these pages, for example, that the old Mills House where Robert E. Lee slept now serves lox and cream cheese on bagels for breakfast.

Now another living landmark has suffered that same strange fate. Henry's Restaurant on Market Street where, for the last fifty years, locals gathered to drink and eat fresh Edisto shad roe and oyster pie has been bought out by tourist trappers. No more shad roe. No more oyster pie. Even the wonderfully musty little bar with the faded wrap-around muriel of Charleston harbor has been replaced with a godawful 1930's Hollywood look.

The old Henry's also maintained an all black staff all of whom spoke in the unique accent of the Charleston low-country. Now the waiters are white males cloned from Don Johnson.

A Partisan correspondent visited the new Henry's a few weeks ago for lunch. The special of the day (and we swear this is true) was Yankee pot roast, which is exactly what our friend ordered on the grounds that he might as well order something they knew how to cook. It was tough and stringy.

November

Colonial Life Days (Nov. 8-9)
Charleston, South Carolina (803) 556-4450

Colonial Cup (Nov. 16)
Camden, South Carolina (803) 432-6513

TENNESSEE

The big race this year is between old-style Democrat Ned McWherter and new-style former Republican Governor Winfield Dunn. McWherter, Speaker of the House, won a three-way primary that pitted him against two candidates regarded as slightly to his left. The battle did leave things fragmented. McWherter should pick up any disgruntled Democrats by November.

But there were very few people interested in the Primary. Only a fraction of the voters turned out in one of the most lackadaisical campaigns in years. Some observers are saying that the low turnout means that Dunn will have an easy time in November, that the Republicans should hold the State House.

But it ain't that simple. Dunn is regarded as a "moderate" Governor with a Chamber of Commerce style that may not appeal to the rural population as much as McWherter's old-fashioned earthiness. Certainly the

Democratic nominee calls up memories of bygone campaigns, if only in the way he looks and the way he talks. Dunn is perhaps a little too prissy, say some of his critics, a quiche-eater from way back.

November

Belle Meade Mansion Candlelight Tour (Nov. 28-29)
Nashville, Tennessee (615) 352-7350

Great Smoky Arts & Crafts Community
Christmas Show (Nov. 28-30)
Gatlinburg, Tennessee (800) 251-9868

5th Annual Tennessee Craft Sampler & Friends Craft & Art Sale (Nov. 29-30)
Nashville, Tennessee (615) 228-5370

TEXAS

The big Texas shootout this year is between Democratic Governor Mark White and Republican former Governor Bill Clements, a re-match with several differences.

The first difference is Bill Clements, who has been taken out to the woodshed, sanded, rubbed with tongue oil, and then decoupaged. Instead of the swaggering, loud-mouth of yesteryear, Clements is subdued and thoughtful, the type of man who might almost be at home in the corporate headquarters of the Chase Manhatten. This Bill Clements is alot more "gubernatorial" than the earlier model, though considerably less entertaining. The second difference is Mark White, who is older, not quite so boyish, and full of sorrows. His state is in the throes of a financial "rollback" (no one in Texas likes the word "recession"), and he has alienated one of his biggest blocs of voters--the teachers--who are wildly, crazily, angry at him for allowing their enemies to install competency tests in an effort to raise educational standards.

November

Volks March on Franklin Mountain Trail (Nov. 1-2)
El Paso, Texas

Texas Quilt Roundup (Nov. 1-9)
Houston, Texas

VIRGINIA

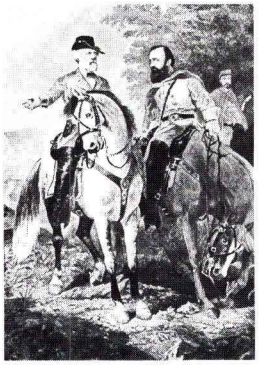
The Fairfax Citizens for Johnny Reb Committee, formed by students and parents at the local high school in defense of the school symbols, a Confederate soldier and a battle flag, have appealed their case to the Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Richmond after being turned down by a district court in Alexandria. In brief, the citizens are maintaining that the student body over 50 years ago selected the school symbols and have reaffirmed that selection of symbols each subsequent year (the symbols have been thrown out by the school principle despite a petition signed by over eighty-five percent of the current student body).

November

Charles City County, Virginia (Nov. 2)
Thanksgiving Festival, Berkeley Plantation
Richmond, Virginia (804) 644-1607

Model Railroad Show (Nov. 1-3)
Richmond, Virginia (804) 257-1013

LAST MEETING



Lee, astride his beloved Traveller, meets Stonewall Jackson for the last time after the two comrades-in-arms planned a surprise attack at Chancellorsville, Virginia. The classic battle gave Lee a major victory, but cost him Jackson, shot by his own men.

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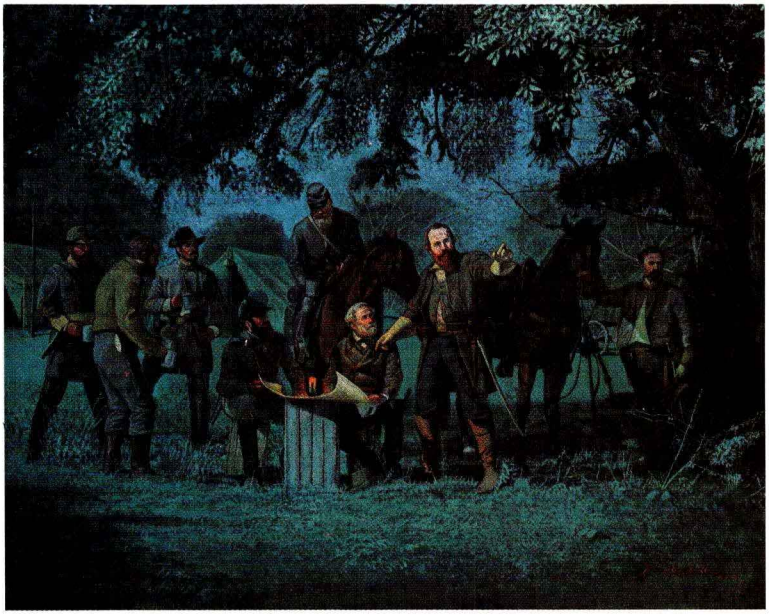

CRACKERBOX COUNCIL
by Bruce Marshall

Chancellorsville, 1863. Using a *crackerbox* for a table, Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson hold their most memorable *council*. "Jeb" Stuart arrives dramatically with intelligence that enables the vastly outnumbered Confederates to win Lee's most brilliant victory. Painted with total authenticity by Bruce Marshall, recognized by the Sons of Confederate Veterans as the *National Artist, Confederate States of America.*

A limited edition of 500 prints, signed and numbered. Image size 24" x 30" plus margins. $100 each. Include $5 for shipping. (Texas residents add 6% sales tax). Check or money order. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

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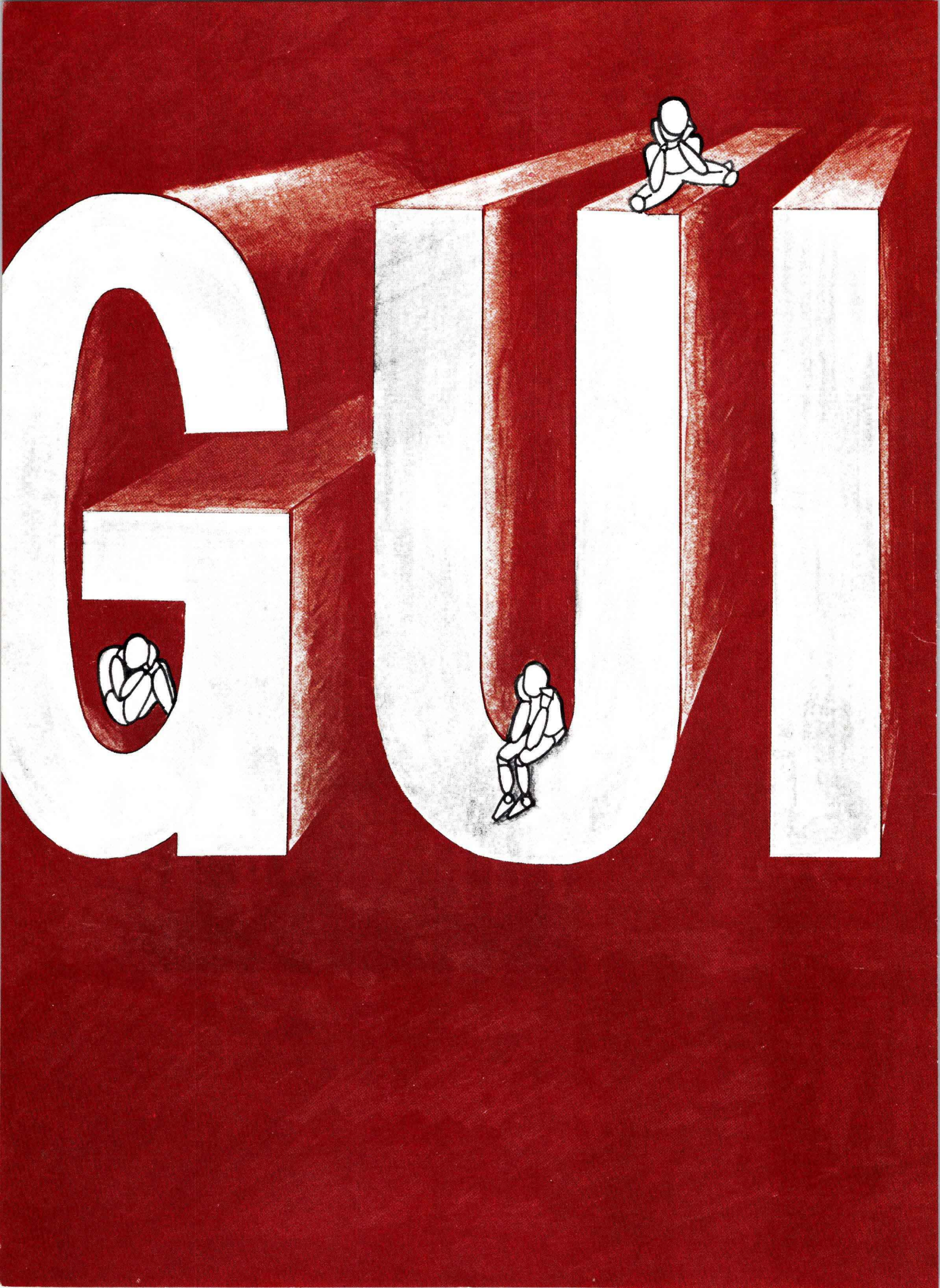
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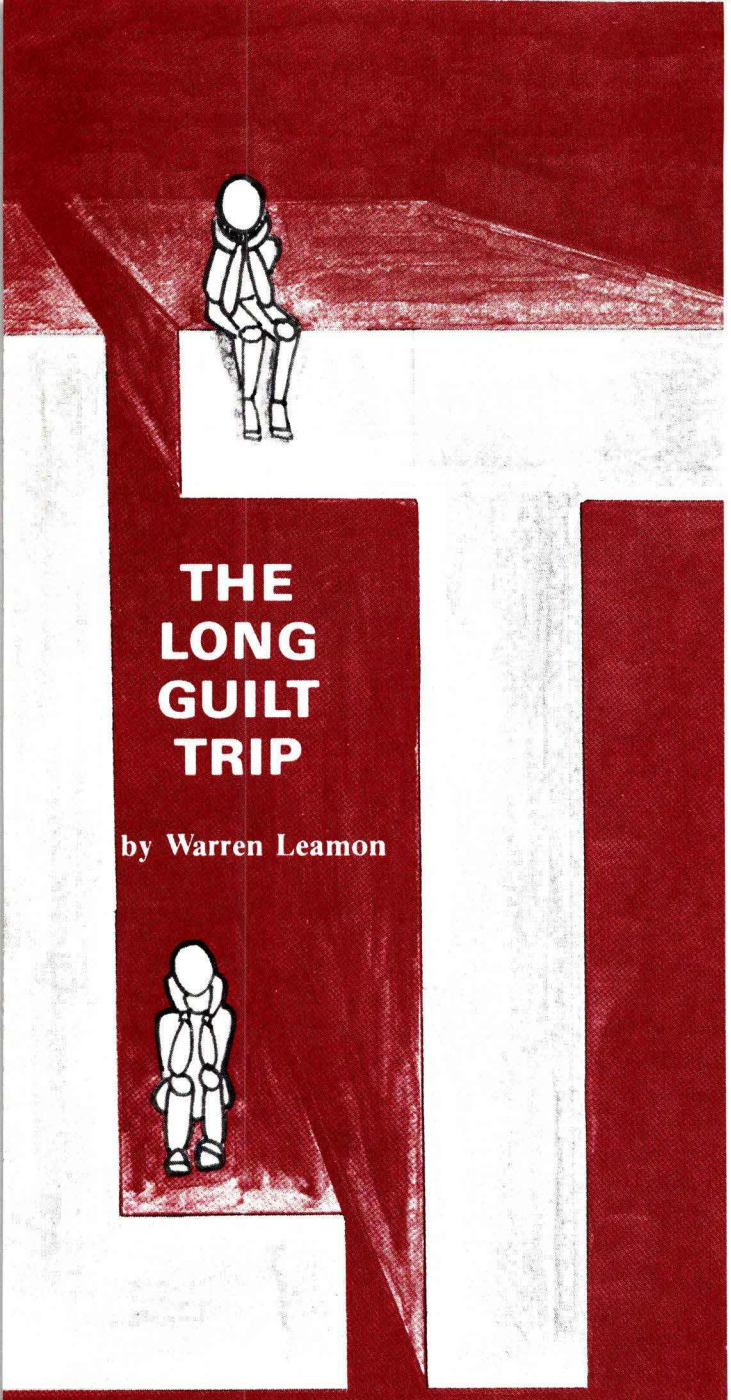

THE LONG GUILT TRIP

by Warren Leamon

Last issue, J.R. Vanover wrote about the South and race. Now, Warren Leamon wonders why sin sticks to Southerners so easily, while everyone else seems to be coated with Teflon.

In 1954 when the Supreme Court handed down its decision in *Brown v. the Board of Education*, I was sixteen years old and segregation, even in Atlanta, had been so much a way of life that I couldn't have comprehended the importance of the decision even if I had tried. But two weeks earlier I had dragged my father out of bed and down to the state patrol office on Confederate Avenue where I passed the test and received my driver's license, a monumental event that overshadowed the possibility of general cultural upheaval. The Future of the South was nothing compared with a summer of parking in lonely places with passionate girls and, though all my dreams ended in absurd wrestling matches which (alas) the girls always won, other diversions lay ahead: fall brought football, winter basketball, spring Daytona Beach and summer yet another three months of unrealized sexual fantasies. The "Civil Rights Struggle" that was beginning played no part in my life.

Blacks ("Negroes" we called them back then) figured only tangentially in the lives of myself and my friends; occasionally we went to the vacant lot where Lenox Square now stands to take on the blacks from Johnsontown in impromptu touch football games that quickly became much rougher than the real games we played in the fall. But in general, though we lived in the same city, our paths were kept separate on buses, in restaurants and cinemas and hotels, at water fountains and restrooms. Looking back, I realize that the artificial environment I accepted as natural had evolved out of a desperate and desolate age in which whites and blacks did have daily contact, an age in which blacks were used as political pawns by a conquering nation and whites responded by taking out their frustrations on blacks. But though that age shaped the world in which I grew up, I was no more personally responsible for it or the world I inhabited than I was personally responsible for the blacks who were killed in the New York anti-draft riots that took place during the War Between the States.

By the time I got to college the campaign to purify the South was getting into high gear and I and most people of my generation were in sympathy with a movement that we thought was directed mainly at ending segregation in public life. Separate water coolers and divided buses seemed arbitrary, regulations that did little more than make life inconvenient. The desegregation of public

But the Freedom Riders and the other crusaders had found our Achilles heel. They seemed to know or intuit that the South's greatest virtue—its sense of tradition and history—is also its greatest weakness.

schools was more controversial, primarily because many areas of the South did not, like other regions of the country, have clearly-defined and rigidly imposed patterns of segregated housing. But viewed in retrospect, the speed with which almost century-old barriers came down in the South seems incredible.

What outraged many Southern whites (and made the rest at least uncomfortable) was the nationwide espousal of the doctrine of universal guilt. Suddenly I was being told that my desire to get girls into the back seat of a car when I was sixteen made me morally culpable for the oppression of blacks, that I was responsible not only for the segregated buses I rode as a child but for every lynching, every beating, every denial of justice that had ever taken place anywhere in the South. Like most Southerners I had been raised in a fundamentalist Protestant sect (Southern Baptist) so I wasn't taken in; I might have inherited a sinful nature but that didn't mean that my sins weren't my own. And it didn't take a genius to figure out that if blacks were in no way responsible for their sins and weaknesses, then neither were the whites who had mistreated them. Most of us came to realize that the Civil Rights bandwagon was being guided by hypocritical Northerners and Middle Westerners playing a game of guilt and redemption.

But the Freedom Riders and the other crusaders had found our Achilles heel. They seemed to know or intuit that the South's greatest virtue—its sense of tradition and history—is also its greatest weakness. Most Southerners do believe that they belong to the values of the South, do in some sense tend to take the blame for the sins of the South. So we came to accept the blanket condemnation by which a Georgian is responsible for what a Mississippi lynch mob does (or *vice versa*). Can you imagine a resident of Chicago, for example, feeling responsible for the mistreatment of blacks in Detroit or Cleveland? The South *is* different. But just as there is some truth in the notion, so often expressed by outsiders, that Southern whites oppress blacks out of a sense of inadequacy and insecurity, so there is truth in the notion, never expressed by outsiders, that Northerners and Middle Westerners oppress the South out of a sense of their inadequacy and insecurity. All this is to say nothing more than that one of the most enduring characteristics of human nature is hypocrisy.

These memories and thoughts ran through my head as I was returning home from a meeting of the *Southern Partisan* staff. At that meeting, J. R. Vanover's column "Whistlin' Dixie" (which appeared in the *Southern Partisan,* Spring 1986) had evoked a long and lively debate among the editors. Some (myself included) wanted to publish it; others did not. And as I was driving through the old farm country that lies between Columbia and Athens, Georgia, it occurred to me that what lay at the heart of our dispute was the old question of universal guilt. Mr. Vanover, in his tirade against hate groups, exhibits the Southern sense of community in that he seems to be personally ashamed of a pamphlet published by a crackpot outfit in Memphis. I sympathize with him; I have myself indulged in the same sort of moral indignation. And when I was living in Ireland I noticed that I was expected to apologize for any Southern racial atrocity that made its way into the Irish newspapers while my Irish friends seemed to feel no connection between themselves and the atrocities being committed daily by their countrymen in Belfast and Derry. If even the Irish are not affected by this sense of community, then surely we Southerners are unique.

Of course, as some of the editors pointed out, logic can be brought to bear against Mr. Vanover. The Southern National Party is only one of many racist groups, most of them located outside the South. Their name and their appeal to "Southern values" are merely distortions of history, an attempt to make Southerners feel guilty for having abandoned "the cause." Located elsewhere, the group would call itself "Sons of Norway" or "The Fenian Defense League" or "Napolean's Knights." Mr. Vanover points out that "these loonies are not representative or even respectable Southerners," but he later asserts, "If Southern cultural revival means [this mean-spirited impulse], or even a larger voice for this, then to hell with it...If 'pro-Southern' comes to mean 'anti-black,' the South will never rise again, and it won't deserve to." Somehow a "not representative" group has become representative of something. Mr. Vanover's explanation is, "But even if the Southern National Party is something less than an imposing presence, its name draws attention in a dramatic way to the enduring, fatal affinity between this sort of trashy ideology and the South."

What is at work here is obviously not logic. When Mr. Vanover says, "Someone who truly loves the South loves it for what it is...," he doesn't mean that he loves the Southern National Party though it is a part of what the South "is." By the same token, when one says he loves the human race, he doesn't mean that he loves what this or that person does or says or even, as an individual, is. "The South," like "Man," is an abstraction, but it is nonetheless a reality. And belonging to the South

means responding on a personal level to what Southerners living 500 miles away, Southerners you have never met, do and say.

What the South imposes on its children is a sense of brotherhood that makes the Christian doctrine of original sin concrete and personal. Compare Mr. Vanover's diatribe to attacks, made by politicians outside the South, on racial bigotry. What those attacks invariably lack is Mr. Vanover's sense of *responsibility*. Characteristic of these non-Southern crusaders was a statement I heard over and over again during the sixties: "When I look at someone else, I don't see a white man or a black man; I see a human being." Southerners see this for what it is, delusion become hypocrisy, a self-righteous ecstasy that denies the flesh and along with it the necessity to engage in the real moral and spiritual struggle to see someone else as black or white *and* as a human being. Such sentimentalism could have reduced the South to violence and destruction had it not been for Southerners like Mr. Vanover, who could reject the call to an unattainable perfection and could work to make Southerners recognize and come to grips with the imperfections that exist within all men.

But as I said, the South's sense of community is, politically, its greatest weakness. Just as all Christians have in common a belief in that mysterious quality known as human nature and must believe that even Hitler was made in God's image, so all Southerners have in common that elusive quality known as "Southerness" and must acknowledge that even members of the Southern National Party and their jailbird correspondents are Southerners. Since the War Between the States, this sense of community has been used to isolate and villify the region, every independent outrage or atrocity being taken to characterize the whole. And the South has responded by accepting this image of itself. Thus some of the editors felt that by publishing Mr. Vanover's article, they would be giving ammunition to the enemy. Since all the editors, like Mr. Vanover, detest hate groups and since all of us, again like Mr. Vanover, think them unrepresentative of Southern racial attitudes, why put the magazine in the position of doing what non-Southerners do: calling on the whole region to account for the actions of a few?

And not only non-Southerners. Richard Quinn, in the Winter 1986 Issue of the *Southern Partisan*, was "...surprised to see...the *American Spectator* publish an anti-Southern feature article" by an expatriate Southerner, James Harkness. Mr. Quinn shouldn't have been surprised. What made the article acceptable to the *Spectator* is the rhetorical sleight-of-hand by which Greenwood, Mississippi, (Mr. Harkness' home town and the focus of the article) becomes "the South." Thus everything associated with Greenwood, from the continuing racial separation to the flight from the land, becomes characteristically Southern. That the Mississippi delta and the east Tennessee mountains are as different in many ways as eastern Washington State and the plains of Kansas is irrelevant; it's all "the South." And that Mississippi is a part of the South is what makes the article valuable, just as Mr. Harkness' Mississippi background gives his return to his home town a significance he can exploit; he does not feel called upon to prove or even document his assertion that Greenwood is typical.

Among some expatriate Southerners nostalgia becomes chauvinism; among others (like Mr. Harkness) it becomes a form of Menkenesque South bashing, the sort of thing those "amiably credulous Yankees" he refers to love to hear. In either case, caricature takes the place of genuine insight. Thus Mr. Harkness fails to notice the obvious: Greenwood is not the same old place he left twenty years ago. He does note some changes but he dismisses them as superficial because "Southern whites have found clever little ways to reinstate the invisibility of blacks, at least where it matters most." In other words, Greenwood, along with the rest of the South that I know about, has been resegregated in a way that has moved it into the mainstream of American race relations: private schools have proliferated and wherever possible (which is almost everywhere) whites have moved into areas where the public schools are predominately white, and even where this is not possible, ways have been found to achieve segregation within schools. Night life is about as segregated as it ever was. In short, we have adopted the subtle forms of segregation that have always existed outside the South. Long ago we knew about and made fun of the concealed racism of the rest of the country; now we have embraced it.

But by far the most invidious and lasting effect of the Civil Rights movement is the paternalism that has issued from the doctrine of universal guilt. Whereas white middle class liberals advocated that doctrine for a brief period and then got on with their lives of getting and spending, the government carries it on in busing and "goals" and quotas and certain types of welfarism. Blacks, who sought to break the chains of the old Southern paternalism, now find themselves trapped by a national dehumanized and impersonal paternalism. In the eyes of the federal bureaucracy and judiciary, blacks have become a sort of permanent population of children never to be left to their own devices. Every racial problem is seen to result from past mistreatment and thus to be rectified by making whites suffer for the sins of their fathers. But in truth, though whites use this policy to attack government and the Washington bureaucracy, they don't suffer overmuch from it, mainly because they have the money and the power to circumvent it and the cunning to make everyone pay for it. No, the real sufferers are the blacks themselves. True, blacks control a few cities, mainly because the whites have left and they constitute a majority. But this neo-paternalism has prevented them from developing the political clout that other minorities have used to enter the mainstream. Because of affirmative

action policies, still being put into effect twenty years or more after the schools were integrated, competent and incompetent blacks are lumped together as receivers of special favors; because blacks have been encouraged to blame all their miseries on racism, they look to the government and the judiciary to solve their problems. There is nothing particularly "racial" about this; the Irish, the Italians, the Jews, the Poles would have developed the same characteristics had they been treated in the same manner.

Compounding the problem for blacks is the thorny question of education. To my knowledge, no one has paid proper tribute to the Catholic Church for its role in bringing immigrant minorities out of their ghettoes. Much maligned (sometimes properly so), these parochial schools nonetheless saw to it that poverty-stricken children from wretched homes learned to read and write and, often in rebellion, to think. Spurning what it considered the heresy and paganism of public schools, the Church set up its own enclaves of education where ethnic groups, freed from the necessity of defending their ethnicity, paradoxically broke the bonds that bound them to the past their parents had fled. But blacks, lacking a religion with a strong tradition of education, have been at the mercy of a public school system that is paralyzed by the sense of universal guilt that afflicted the Civil Rights movement. The seeds of this condition were sown at the very beginning when the Court held, in *Brown*, that segregated schools "stigmatize" blacks, and now, devoid of any spiritual values that might give coherence and toughness to education, the schools increasingly enforce the blacks' sense of separation and alienation.

The result of all this is that black political power decreases daily. Caught between free marketeers who use them as an argument against the welfare state on the one hand, and Civil Rights opportunists (black and white) who use them as a permanent constituency on the other, blacks lack the political discipline to break out. For them, politics means patronage, not power. What they will inevitably learn is that patronage without power is dead.

One can only speculate about what lies ahead because the signs are ambiguous. Blacks seem to be accepting the white view of the breakup of the family and allowing themselves to fall victim to the belief that one can eliminate sin by legalizing it (such a view is implicit in the current campaign against teenage pregnancy, which contends that blacks are incapable of any kind of moral discipline); but a number of blacks are beginning to raise their voices against affirmative action and quotas, against busing and contemporary theories of education. What seems inevitable is some form of segregation: either blacks will be treated as children to be rewarded when they are good and punished when they err; or blacks will increasingly take matters into their own hands, exert themselves in the public and political spheres, and rebuild their own social structure. They will have to take what they want or be satisfied with what they are given.

Every human action is fraught with ambiguity; so segregation itself, simultaneously an attempt to produce harmony between the races and to suppress a race, was defended by good men and used by evil ones.

To some, such a view will seem realistic and commonsensical; to others, cynical and racist. I suspect it is all these things and more. Every human action is fraught with ambiguity; so segregation itself, simultaneously an attempt to produce harmony between the races and to suppress a race, was defended by good men and used by evil ones. Its idea, separate but equal, was as sentimentally utopian as that other ideal, neither black nor white but human. The danger lies in allowing the ambiguity of life to freeze us into inaction.

On balance, then, I was in favor of publishing Mr. Vanover's article because he is involved in what the South is, in what it will become. And there is, after all, nothing wrong with taking a stand against racism. The danger lies in taking the position that the *Southern Partisan* has a special burden to divorce itself from racism continually, the implication being that "Southern" and "racism" are synonymous. More specifically, the *Southern Partisan* cannot waste its time protesting against every crackpot group that associates itself with the magazine. This sort of thing comes with the territory when one sets out to defend Southern culture or any other cause.

But for what it's worth, I offer the following: the *Southern Partisan* is opposed to bigotry, opposed to white or black supremacist groups, opposed to the granting of special privileges to anyone because of his membership in a particular race; and while children may have to suffer for the sins of their fathers, the *Southern Partisan* is opposed to any group that would use them, while they are still children, to solve society's problems.

So what if I never succeeded in getting anyone into the back seat of my father's car? I was given a couple of years to try, and I can't blame my failure on anyone but myself. ☆

Warren Leamon, a Georgian, is a regular contributor to these pages.

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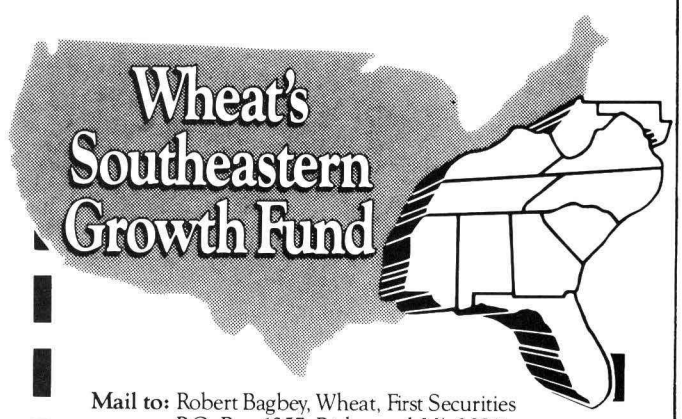

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Randolph of Roa

Some miles beyond Charlotte Court House, in Southside Virginia, one may find his way to Roanoke Plantation, which seems almost as remote as it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century. From the Revolution until 1810, scarcely a white man set foot on that plantation: black overseers and perhaps two hundred slaves grew tobacco and wheat after a fashion. Then there shifted to Roanoke Congressman John Randolph, the plantation's proprietor, disappointed in men and measures, preferring solitude. And solitude he found there in his simple cabin, among his negroes, "my only friends and companions," until he died (though in Philadelphia) in 1833. Congress has not since seen his like for eloquence and political passion.

At Roanoke Plantation there still stands today the little building that was Randolph's library and study, where the planter-statesman read everything. (The biggish white house nearby was built by Powhatan Bouldin, Randolph's biographer, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.) From his cabin-fastness on the Staunton River, the mordant witty Randolph rode north to Washington, a long arduous journey, there every year to contend in the Capitol against centralizers, innovators, and enemies of Virginia and the South.

No man did more than Randolph to shape the mind of the South, down to recent years; and no man's career in Congress was more lively and interesting than Randolph's. Yet John Randolph of Roanoke has been thoughtfully neglected in the textbooks of American history, this past half-century, or at best mentioned merely as a startling eccentric. For mass democracy and gross materialism, Randolph expressed a burning contempt. The intellectual apologists of egalitarianism and the industrial discipline therefore have resolved, "Let him be anathema!"

It was somewhat otherwise before the triumph of Franklin Roosevelt and the ideological impulses that the New Deal incorporated. For in the high-school textbook in American history that my class read in 1936, some paragraphs had to do with Randolph, as the adversary of Jefferson: that manual had been written before FDR took office. Much taken, at the age of sixteen, by Randolph's freedom from cant and pretence, I contrived to find two or three books about him, most notably Henry Adams' short memorable biography. Five years later, in graduate school at Duke University, I wrote a master's thesis about Randolph's political thought; Randolph's letters and other materials lay ready to hand at Richmond, Charlottesville, Raleigh, and the Duke collection, seldom consulted. By chance of providence, the nominal supervisor of my graduate studies was Charles Sydnor, a Virginian of the old school, a Hampden-Sydney man and a good scholar; I did not show him my thesis until it was completed and bound, but then he supported it kindly, despite the endeavors of a Rooseveltian professor of political science on my examination committee who would have denied Duke's degree to any reactionary admirer of Randolph—my first encounter with what has been called the Holy Liberal Inquisition, this.

By 1951, after years in the army, I had revised my Randolph thesis into a book, which the University of Chicago Press published under the title *Randolph of Roanoke: a Study in Conservative Thought*: This because of the approbation of a great scholarly editor, W. T. Couch (from North Carolina) who never had met me. The little volume was most cordially reviewed in both conventional and unconventional quarters, and the printing soon was sold out. In 1964, Regnery brought out a revised and much enlarged edition, under the title *John Randolph of Roanoke: a Study in American Politics, with Selected Speeches and Letters*, a handsome piece of bookmaking. In 1978, Liberty*Press*, Indianapolis, published a third edition, yet more enlarged, which remains in print. Perhaps some other master's thesis thus has gone through three separate editions by three separate publishers; but if so, I have not heard of any such in the discipline of political history.

Despite the critical success of my *Randolph*, there has followed no spate of Randolph scholarship. A few fairly recent books have touched incidentally, if in some detail, upon Randolph's part in practical politics—notably Norman Risjord's *The Old Republicans: Southern Conservatism in the Age of Jefferson* (1965). Various historians have been bitterly hostile to Randolph—almost as if he were a living adversary, not a dead Congressman—in their studies of other figures of the past; one of the more extreme instances of this is Irving Brant's life of James Madison.

Only one exercise in critical biography has been published in the past thirty-five years, indeed: Robert Daw-

oke

by Russell Kirk

John Randolph was the original Southern partisan, the genius who eloquently defined the values that are now universally understood as Southern. Everyone interested in the Southern tradition should read every word of this essay by Russell Kirk whose important biography of Randolph, first published 25 years ago, is still in print.

idoff's *The Education of John Randolph* (1979). This book, as its title implies, draws an interesting parallel, incidentally, between Randolph and Henry Adams as Saint Michaels in American politics (Adams' half-ironical description of Randolph); I found this endeavor at psychobiography intelligent, despite its condescending treatment of Randolph's religious enthusiasm; but the book was very promptly remaindered. The only full-scale biography of Randolph remains Senator William Cabell Bruce's two-volume *John Randolph of Roanoke* (1922).

Henry Adams' *John Randolph* (originally in the American Statesmen series) and my own Randolph study being the only books about Randolph now in print, and multi-volumed anthologies such as *The Library of Southern Literature* having vanished from public libraries' shelves, even conscious and conscientious Southerners may be pardoned for knowing little more of Randolph than a few tales, vaguely recollected, about his oddities. So I set down below a summary account of what he did.

John Randolph was born three years before the Declaration of Independence, and he died during the great Nullification controversy. No man's life displays more clearly the chain of events that linked the proclamations of 1776 and of 1832. Jefferson, whose early follower Randolph was, belonged to an earlier generation of natural-rights optimists; Calhoun—who, in considerable degree, was the disciple of Randolph—belonged to the later generation that put its faith in legal logic. At both, Randolph sneered; he fought the administration of John Adams, and slashed at the administration of Jefferson, and harried every other President of his time. In Randolph's speeches, one finds at work the forces that brought on the events of 1832 and of 1861.

The heir to one of the greatest of Virginian families, John Randolph was born near the mouth of the Appomattox, on the eve of revolution. His life was turbulent from the first. Haughty, acutely sensitive, and animated by a darting passion, he was a natural champion of perilous causes. Although he was irregularly schooled at Princeton and Columbia, his delight in humane letters soon made him the most eloquent man of his time in America.

About his nineteenth year, his character was given a tragic bent by a series of mysterious events. He contracted some disease, by which he was racked for the rest of his long life. The young man was altered, outwardly and inwardly. In appearance, he long remained a kind of boy preserved in amber, youthful (though wrinkled) of face, lean and lank to the point of grotesqueness (but graceful and dignified in carriage). Suffering now and again shook his reason, so that for two or three short periods during his life he was next door to madness; yet even during those times he preserved not only his eloquence but a sardonic political realism.

All during his years of public success, this shadow and certain private disasters lay heavy upon Randolph. Yet at first, defying all handicaps, he mounted very high, as the world reckons achievement. In 1799 he debated the aged Patrick Henry; and his brilliance of mind, expressed with his mordant tongue, carried him into the House of Representatives. At the age of twenty-six, he was a hard hater of the Federalists, a partisan of revolutionary France; he smote hip and thigh the administration of John Adams.

With the inauguration of Jefferson, picturesque Jack Randolph became the majority leader of the House of Representatives; in the mediocre House of Jefferson's two terms he had no near rivals in talent within his party. Perhaps already emulating Edmund Burke, he endeavored to impeach the Federalist Justice Samuel Chase for misconduct on the bench, much as Burke had impeached Hastings; but his prosecution, like Burke's, brought no conviction. This was the first of a series of reverses of political fortune that dogged Randolph throughout his congressional career—and to which, so far as a passionate man might, he became inured with the passing of the years.

Always suspicious of executive power, and uneasy at the tendencies of the Jeffersonians, Randolph began to break with Jefferson, Madison, and other principal leaders of the Republicans in 1805. The breach had two immediate causes: the Yazoo controversy, and the attempt of Jefferson and Madison to acquire Spanish Florida.

The Yazoo lands of the state of Georgia had been acquired by speculators, through bribery of the Georgia legislature. An indignant public elected new legislators, who proceeded to repudiate the corrupt bargain. But the

Yazoo land companies appealed to the federal government for compensation for their losses, pleading that the claims had passed already from the original speculators to innocent purchasers in good faith.

Madison and Gallatin, backed by President Jefferson, advocated a compromise by which the Yazoo claimants would be paid some compensation from the federal Treasury, though only a fraction of the sums they desired. Randolph set his face against any payment—with success, until he was defeated temporarily in the congressional contests of 1813. Outraged at such circumventing of the will of a sovereign state, John Randolph never forgave the other Republican leaders for their dallying with the Yazoo men.

Also in 1805, the complex affair of Jefferson's and Madison's attempt to purchase Florida, through a secret appropriation of two million dollars, became the second cause of Randolph's schism. Although he had supported the Louisiana Purchase, Randolph opposed with all his vigor the scheme to acquire Florida from the Spanish government. In effect, Randolph said, this would have been paying blackmail to Napoleon, for whom the Spanish regime was a mask. Irving Brant attributes this unyielding stand to Randolph's dislike of Madison, and to his private frustrations.

But the reason for Randolph's attitude lie deeper far. As a champion of personal liberty, well before 1806 Randolph had become disillusioned with the French Revolution. Napoleon he detested and feared. Only for a brief while had he been a Gallophile; his real sympathies, all his life, lay with England. And Britain, in 1806, lay in grave peril. As much as any of the Federalists whom he condemned, Randolph took English society and culture for models. The abortive Florida purchase would have strengthened Napoleon; so Randolph went into opposition, his ties with the Jeffersonians already having been much weakened.

He denounced participants in the Yazoo scandals in January, 1805; he quarreled with Jefferson and Madison over the Florida scheme during December of that year. On March 6, 1806, he spoke against Gregg's Resolution, which was designed to cut off commerce with Britain—here siding with the Federalists, although not joining their party. By August 15, his alienation from Jefferson was complete; and he formed the faction of the *Tertium Quids*, which little band of Southerners he led most of the remainder of his life.

Thus he forfeited the leadership of the House. And as the War Hawks—Calhoun, Clay, Grundy, and the rest—gained ascendancy over Congress, Randolph fought a rear-guard action, foretelling ruin from war with Britain. Yet the War of 1812 came; and, unpopular for opposing it, Randolph lost his House seat in 1813. To Roanoke he retired, there meditating on Christian doctrine, lamenting the evils of the time, and losing himself in his library. As Virginia suffered from embargo and war, however, Randolph's influence with his constituency revived, so that he was elected in 1815 to the Fourteenth Congress.

Ill health, capped by an interval of madness, made him decline re-election in 1817; but, better by 1819, he resumed his Southside seat. In the House he remained until the end of 1825, when he served a little more than a year in the Senate, having been appointed to fill a vacancy. He and his friends had tried to make Monroe president in 1808; but with Monroe in power they were keenly disappointed; and they fancied John Quincy Adams worse still. In 1828, Randolph came out for Jackson's candidacy—which later he was to regret.

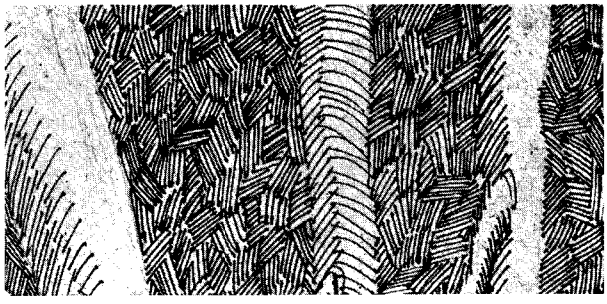
In both House and Senate, Randolph led an embittered group, chiefly Virginians and North Carolinians, of members devoted to state powers, the agricultural interest, economy in government, and freedom from foreign entanglements. He fought the drift toward war in 1811, the Bank of the United States in 1816, the Missouri Compromise in 1820, internal improvements at federal expense in 1824, increases of the tariff at all times, the Panama Mission proposal in 1826—and almost every other principal measure recommended by Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Adams. Occasionally he succeeded in blocking one scheme or another; but in most matters, as he put it, Randolph "was clean beaten down, horse, foot, and dragoons."

Throughout these years in the political wilderness, Randolph's health spiraled downward, though now and again, to the astonishment of friends and enemies, his powers would return to him as if by miracle. By 1829, when he retired from Congress, he wore the aspect of a corpse, and suffered pain almost constantly. And yet this strange man was not altogether undone.

For late in 1829, when the Virginia Constitutional Convention was convened, Randolph attended as a delegate—to denounce the entire notion of a new constitution. Confronted by this challenge, his brain reasserted its endowments of wit, logic, and fancy. At the Convention, Randolph's speeches equalled his best of thirty years earlier—perhaps, indeed, they were better. Having raised his voice in warning against neoterism, he accepted Jackson's offer of the post of minister to Russia.

St. Petersburg's cold and damp promptly brought him low. He retreated to England, which land he knew and loved well, and by the autumn of 1831 he was back at Roanoke, surrounded by his blacks—whom he would emancipate, send to Ohio, and endow with his property upon his death. Calhoun and South Carolina were approaching their collision with President Jackson. Nullification was nonsense, Randolph declared realistically; but Jackson's resort to force against South Carolina roused him to a final burst of fury, and at Charlotte Court House, in February, 1833, he poured his molten metal upon the head of Andrew Jackson.

"Dying, sir, dying," had been his reply, for decades,



...in 1879 his body was exhumed and taken to Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond. Penetrating his coffin, the roots of a great tree had twined through the dead man's long black hair and had filled his skull. So, doubtless, he would have wished to lie until Judgment Day.

when men asked him how he did. Political passion alone had kept vigor in his skeleton frame; and now that fire was flickering out. He commenced a fifth trip to England; but in a Philadelphia hotel, consumption mastered him at last. "Remorse, remorse!" he cried from the bed; and then he was gone into the mystery from which he had emerged sixty years before. Love and hatred, between which that wild strong personality had been torn since childhood, now were spent.

The ardent lover of the permanent things was buried, according to his wish, in the woods of Roanoke. But in 1879 his body was exhumed and taken to Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond. Penetrating his coffin, the roots of a great tree had twined through the dead man's long black hair and had filled his skull. So, doubtless, he would have wished to lie until Judgment Day.

His had been a career of negation, if you will. Yet the eloquence remains, and the love of ordered liberty, and the tragic sense of life that so few Americans of Randolph's time apprehended. Clay and Webster are only textbook names, now; Madison and Monroe are not much more; but John Randolph, even in his torment, lives for us still. Sometimes ghostly enough when alive, he takes on a curious vitality when long dead.

Among a good many perceptive passages in Robert Dawidoff's *The Education of John Randolph* is this:

"One important reason for Randolph's interest to us remains, of course, the fact that to many Southerners he came to symbolize certain values and positions—a cause. He was the precursor of subsequent southern reaction.... Randolph had this kind of sensitivity to conditions in America, and in a sense interpreted them to the next generation of southerners. His own character, his immediate personal experience, fitted him to be a vehicle or example of the cultural shift he prefigured so eloquently. What was clear to him became in time clear to the rest of the South. It may have been the abnormal workings of his mind that caused him to see what he did so early and so intensely.... What became for future generations a myth of loss was to Randolph the experience of loss. He played the part of the eccentric southerner in protest against American culture, couched directly in the terms of what upset him.... His politics of espousal, as opposed to abstract criticism, exemplified the kind of protest that responds not only to the articulation of theory but to the social facts of American society."

Aye, Randolph both foresaw what would befall Southern society, and in considerable degree molded Southern resistance to Giant Innovation. In this he was like Edmund Burke, though less successful than Burke in the long run. From Burke, indeed, Randolph obtained reinforcement of his own convictions and sanction for his resistance. On January 28, 1814, from temporary retire-

ment at Roanoke Plantation, he wrote to Harmanus Bleeker (a New York patroon) that he was reading the fifth volume of the newly published works of Burke:

"It has been an intellectual banquet of the richest viands. What a man! How like a child and an idiot I feel in comparison with him. Thank God! however, I can understand and relish his sublime truths and feel grateful for the inspired wisdom which in the true spirit of prophecy he has taught to us poor blind and erring mortals."

On April 4, 1814, Randolph asked Bleeker, "You have read Burke's first posthumous volume? What a treasure, what a mine of eloquence, sagacity and political wisdom! The rectitude of his feelings is not less conspicuous than the penetration and foresight of his understanding. He is the Newton of political philosophy. May he be their oracle."

As the might of Napoleon failed in Europe, Randolph wrote to Bleeker on June 2, 1814: "...like you I have regretted that our great master Burke could not have lived to see this day. To have heard him pour forth his ejaculations and chant his *nunc dimittis* would have shed new glory and delight upon the august scene."

On July 26 of the same year, he told Bleeker that he had been re-reading several volumes of Burke. "The Thoughts on Scarcity and the third Regicide letter shew a minute acquaintance with matters of detail that is surprising," Randolph observed. "Burke was not one of those who talked of *things in general,* because he knew nothing of things in particular.' Who but he would have hunted thro Doctors Commons to shew that there had not been in England one fifth of the number of divorces in a century, that had taken place in Paris alone, during three months?"

The Virginian who had professed himself a Jacobin and an *ami des noirs* in 1800 had become, fourteen years later, an expounder of Burke's later writings and the shaper of the South's conservatism. A decade more, and Randolph would be the preceptor of Calhoun. It was Randolph's personal "experience of loss," as Dawidoff expresses it, that had produced this profound change of conviction. The Virginia of his forefathers, the society of the southern seaboard, was being swept away by egalitarians and economic opportunists; by the aggrandizing interests of the North and the West. What Burke had called the great civilizing forces of Europe, the spirit of religion and the spirit of the gentleman, had been terribly enfeebled in the United States, driven back by the doctrines of rationalism and utilitarianism, and by the men who stood to profit from the triumph of such notions. "The country is ruined past redemption," Randolph wrote to Dr. Brockenbrough in 1829; "it is ruined in the spirit and character of the people."

Thus it was that Randolph, in Congress or out of it, made his life a protest against the erosion of the old moral and civil order of Virginia and the United States. It was a grand protest, effectual in the sense that he taught Southerners to give to their cause the last full measure of devotion; ineffectual in the sense that by 1865 force of arms and superiority of resources would crush to earth the planter-society for which Randolph spoke so skillfully.

"The sheer number of people and vast extent of modern America make any application of his views to the twentieth century theoretical at best," Robert Dawidoff writes of Randolph. That is true enough, if we have to do with somebody's notion that the life of the Old Dominion in the latter half of the eighteenth century might be restored or reproduced, somehow or other, in the first half of the twenty-first century. Randolph declared that any government whose sway might extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific would not be fit to govern him. We do not require professors at the Claremont Graduate School to impart such a truth to us: Heraclitus put it sufficiently well by his aphorism that we never step in the same river twice.

Yet as Dawidoff's argument runs, seemingly no public man of yesteryear would leave us any lessons of value, once the social and economic circumstances of that man's time had given way to new. (On the same premise, the preachments of the Hebrew prophets ought not to be applied to the concerns of humankind nowadays.) One deduces from Dawidoff's paragraphs that history teaches the scholar only *how* things came to pass: everything being evanescent, it is profitless to fancy that the thought and experience of a past era might supply us moderns with some torch of illumination in the dark wood of our own time.

Circumstances now and again arise in the affairs of great states, Burke remarked, when "the file affords no precedent." But we are lost altogether if we assume that all precedents and dogmata have been made worthless by the pace of social change. Would Dawidoff contend that Tocqueville's analysis of the American democracy has no abiding worth except as fragmentary explanation of how the United States came to its present pass? Presumably not. Then why suggest that nothing said by John Randolph may be relevant in some degree to our present discontents?

Therefore I reaffirm here what I wrote on this subject of Randolph's pertinence to political questions of our own era—three paragraphs written at Duke University forty-five years ago:

"Randolph was not a democrat, not a nationalist, not a liberal. (He did believe ardently in equality of civil rights, in his country, and in liberty.) Unlike Webster and Clay, he did not speak grandiloquently of the tremendous future of the Union. It may be that he struggled against the stars in their courses. Surely his principles are out of fashion nowadays."

"And still Randolph's concepts of political honesty and of personal and local liberty remain valid. Randolph's speech on Gregg's Resolution (March, 1806),

"...the people of this country, if ever they lose their liberties, will do it by sacrificing some great principle of government to temporary passion. There are certain great principles, which if they be not held inviolate, at all seasons, our liberty is gone."

for instance, means more in these times of American incertitude than ever it did before; and Randolph's despair at the transience of social institutions never was better illustrated than by the present reign of King Whirl."

"Though the course of his life was as fantastic as any romantic novel, the great merit of Randolph's political utterance is its merciless realism. For cant and slogan he reserved his most overwhelming scorn. Never equivocating, he spoke with a corrosive power unequaled in the history of American politics. In this time when the United States no longer can avoid hard and irrevocable decisions, the imaginative candor of John Randolph of Roanoke deserves rescue from obscurity."

It would be pleasant to report that Southerners nowadays have commenced that labor of rescuing Randolph from obscurity. Today the Southern states enjoy the benefits of huge charitable foundations and well-financed university presses, in addition to greater general prosperity than ever they have known before. Randolph's letters—many of them of high historical and literary interest—ought to be published in a volume or two, with good notes; Randolph's speeches—at present available only in the limited selection of my Randolph volume, or in dusty volumes of *The Annals of Congress* or of old Virginian newspapers hidden in the stacks of some big research library—ought to be printed and published as Calhoun's papers are being made available by the University of South Carolina Press.

But I know of no such pious undertaking. Mr. Kenneth Shorey has edited the correspondence of Randolph with his Richmond friend Dr. John Brockenborough, and Troy State University Press has accepted the letters for publication—but the years pass, and the promised volume does not come from the press, doubtless for lack of subvention.

The insights that an understanding of Randolph still provides may be suggested by this passage from a House speech of his in 1813, when Randolph was one of the most unpopular men in the United States:

"I have said, on a former occasion, and if I were Philip, I would employ a man to say it every day, that the people of this country, if ever they lose their liberties, will do it by sacrificing some great principle of government to temporary passion. There are certain great principles, which if they be not held inviolate, at all seasons, our liberty is gone. If we give them up, it is perfectly immaterial what is the character of our Sovereign; whether he be King or President, elective or hereditary—it is perfectly immaterial what is his character—we shall be slaves. It is not an elective government which will preserve us."

The continuing relevance of that hard truth to our age is sufficiently illustrated by the ruin of the constitutions of most of the world at the close of the twentieth century. Yet men in high political office continue to preach "one man, one vote" democracy as if it were a cure for all the ills to which flesh is heir.

T.S. Eliot reminds us that we cannot follow an antique drum to some fancied Zion of the past. But neither should we follow an electronic fife to some delusory Zion of the future. It is the admonitions of such as John Randolph that help to dissuade us from the latter course; but these farseeing partisans of order and justice and freedom are not readily encountered in our time of troubles; while the ideologue, thinking in slogans and talking in bullets, conducts us toward the Terrestrial Hell on the pretence that it is the Terrestrial Paradise.

Randolph's *Tertium Quids*, or Old Republicans, were no ideologues. Early in 1813, Randolph told the House of Representatives what the Republican party previously had stood for, and what he and the other *Tertium Quids* still maintained:

"Is it necessary for men at this time of day to make a declaration of the principles of the Republican party? Is it possible that such a declaration could be deemed orthodox when proceeding from lips so unholy as those of an excommunicant from that church? It is not necessary. These principles are on record; they are engraved upon it indelibly by the press and will live as long as the art of printing is suffered to exist. It is not for any man at this day to undertake to change them; it is not for any men, who then professed them, by any guise or circumspection, to conceal apostasy from them, for they are there—there in the book.... What are they? Love of peace, hatred of offensive war, jealousy of the state governments toward the general government; a dread of standing armies; a loathing of public debt, taxes, and excises; tenderness for the liberty of the citizen; jealousy, Argus-eyed jealousy, of the patronage of the President."

Such principles are not altogether outmoded in the year 1986. Yet quite beyond yesteryear's or today's political controversies, what Randolph of Roanoke gives us is a high example of political courage and candor, never obsolete. ☆

Russell Kirk writes about permanent things from Piety Hill in Mecosta, Michigan.

In 1861, the leaders of the new Confederacy discovered that if a Supreme Court didn't exist, one would have to be invented. But how could sovereign States concede jurisdiction to a higher court? This dilemma caused hot debate and, now, a fascinating story about Confederate statesmen forming a new government.

The Confederate States Supreme Court

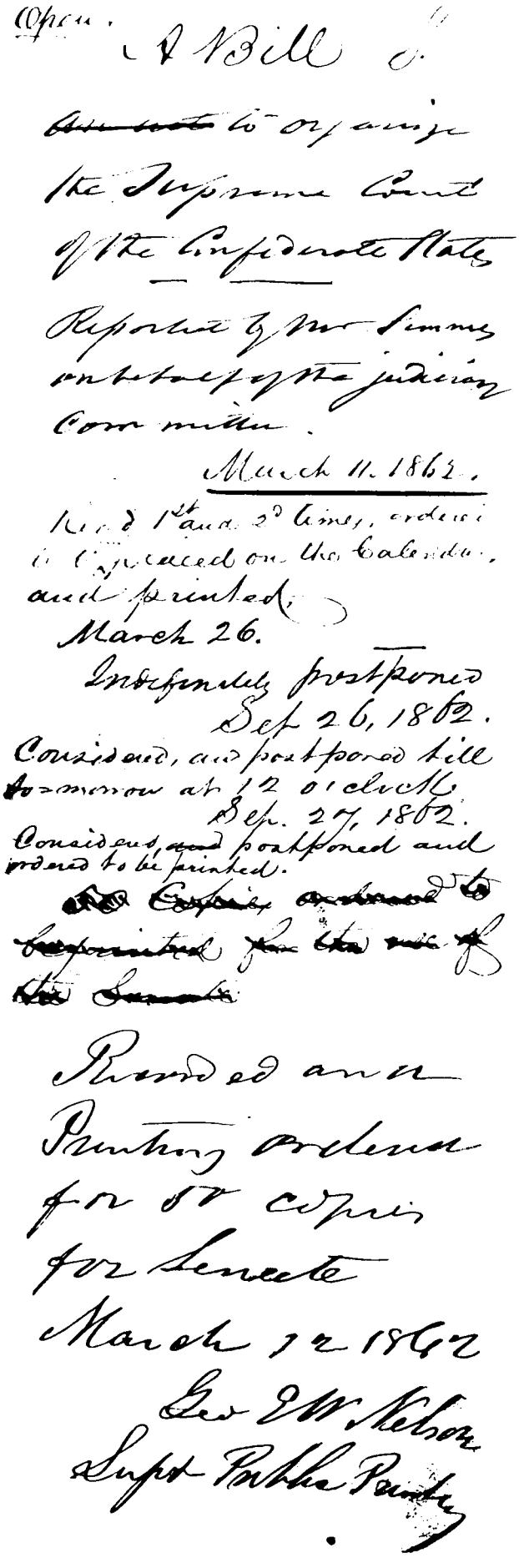
by Devereaux D. Cannon, Jr.

In 1863, Jesse M. Lawson and William B. King were arrested by Confederate authorities in connection with the theft of a quantity of unnumbered and unsigned Confederate Treasury Notes in Columbia, South Carolina. Subsequently, they were indicted for conspiring "to pass, utter or publish, as true... falsely forged or counterfeited or falsely altered Treasury Notes of the Confederate States...."

The case of *The Confederate States of America v. Jesse M. Lawson, et al.* was tried in the Confederate States District Court for the District of South Carolina, at the May Term, 1863. At the trial it was shown that the Defendants had forcibly entered in the night time the building in Columbia in which Confederate Treasury Notes were printed, and that they had removed a large number of unnumbered and unsigned but otherwise complete Treasury Notes. The Defendants had been arrested before they were able to number or forge signatures to any of the notes. The jury returned a verdict of guilty and, as provided by law, the defendants were sentenced to hang.

Soon thereafter the Defendants petitioned the President for a pardon, alleging errors of law and newly discovered facts. President Davis referred the matter to his Attorney General T.H. Watts. The Attorney General's opinion of June 15, 1863, recommended against granting a pardon. He believed that, while there was a serious question of law in the case, the pardoning power should not be used before the Defendants had pursued their right of appeal to the Supreme Court. The opinion concluded: "The fact that no Supreme Court has yet been established, cannot defeat the right of having the decision of the District Court revised, when one is established."

Some historians believe that Attorney General Watts used this case to try and force the Confederate Congress into action to hasten the establishment of the high court.


Open. A Bill
to organize
the Supreme Court
of the Confederate States
Reported by Mr Simmes
on behalf of the judiciary
Committee.
March 11. 1862.
Read 1st and 2d times, ordered
to be placed on the Calendar,
and printed.
March 26.
Indefinitely postponed
Sep 26, 1862.
Considered, and postponed till
to-morrow at 12 o'clock.
Sep. 27, 1862.
Considered, and postponed and
ordered to be printed.
Recorded and
Printing ordered
for 50 copies
for Senate
March 12 1862
Geo W Nelson
Supt Public Printing

This is the story of the Supreme Court of the Confederate States of America and the controversy surrounding the efforts to establish a high court in a new nation.

In a study of the legal structure of the Confederate government one must first understand its Constitutional history. When delegates of the seceded States met in Convention in Montgomery, Alabama, in February, 1861, they had before them the task of creating a new federal government with all of its attendant bureaucracy and impedimenta. Realizing that preliminary steps would be necessary to lay a firm foundation for a permanent government, the Convention adopted a Constitution creating a Provisional Government, with the Convention itself to act as the legislative body and the electors of the first president. This interim government was to cease to exist "one year from the inauguration of the President, or [when] a permanent Constitution... shall be put into operation, whichsoever shall first occur." (taken from the Preamble to the Provisional Constitution).

Of course, the Congress elected Jefferson Davis as President of the Provisional Government on February 9, and he was inaugurated on February 18, setting the time table for the establishment of a permanent government. Convening as a Constitutional Convention, the delegates at Montgomery adopted a permanent Constitution on March 11, 1861, which was submitted to the States and ratified. Presidential and congressional elections were held on November 6, 1861, with the First Congress of the Confederate States convening on February 18, 1862, and the President inaugurated on the 22nd of February.

The government was now complete in its executive and legislative structures; but what of the judiciary? Both the provisional and the permanent Constitutions were structured upon the framework of the Constitution of the old Union. Article III of the permanent Constitution was almost verbatim from the United States Constitution, the only substantive alteration being that the Confederate courts were stripped of jurisdiction over cases "between citizens of different States." This omission was consistent with the Confederate view of State sovereignty. However, during the transition, even this jurisdiction was given to the Confederate courts under the Provisional Constitution.

The Provisional Constitution established the Confederate States District Courts, with each State being a district. This provision was later amended to allow more than one district per State, and that was the only amendment ever adopted for either of the Confederate Constitutions. The judges were to be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Congress, and their commissions were to expire with the passing of the Provisional Government.

The Provisional Constitution also established a Provisional Supreme Court, which was composed "of all of the District Judges, a majority of whom shall be a quorum, and shall sit at such times and places as the Congress shall appoint."

The Provisional Congress knew the importance of establishing a full body of laws quickly for the new Confederacy and a legal establishment for their operation and enforcement. Among the early Acts of the Congress were: (1) an Act to continue "all laws of the United States of America in force and in use in the Confederate States of America on the first day of November [1860], and not inconsistent with the Constitution of the Confederate States;" (2) an "Act to organize and establish an Executive Department, to be known as the Department of Justice;" and (3) the Judiciary Act.

The Judiciary Act provided for a full body of law governing the procedure of all of the courts of the Confederate States, including the Provisional Supreme Court. The Supreme Court was to hold its first and only session under the Provisional Constitution on the first Monday of January, 1862, at the seat of government. The Confederate Court was to have the normal appellate jurisdiction over District Courts; and, as in the United States, was to have review power over State Court decisions involving federal questions, but there was one major difference: while the United States Supreme Court had appellate review only when the lower decision ruled in favor of a State statute or authority challenged on federal Constitutional grounds, the Confederate Supreme Court was granted review over State Courts no matter what direction the decision took on federal questions.

However, the Supreme Court of the Provisional Constitution was never destined to sit. The law establishing the beginning of its session as the 6th of January, 1862, allowed only a very short term of court, as the judges' commissions would expire with the Provisional Constitution six weeks later. Other logistical problems arose. With the removal of the seat of government from Montgomery to Richmond in June, the distances to be traveled by judges from the far west did not present a pleasant prospect. As a result, in July the Congress amended the Judiciary Act, directing that no session of the Supreme Court would be held until that Court should be organized under the permanent Constitution.

On February 26, 1862, President Davis sent his first message to the two houses of the First Congress. In this message the President "invite[d] the attention of Congress to the duty of organizing a supreme court of the Confederate States, in accordance with the mandate of the Constitution." Accompanying the President's message was the report of the Attorney General in which he expressed his hope that "the Su-

preme Court will, doubtless, be organized in a short time."

The first bill to "organize the Supreme Court of the Confederate States of America," (S.19) was introduced by Senator Semmes of Louisiana. Under this proposal, the Court would be composed of a Chief Justice and three Associate Justices, with three members being necessary for a quorum. The Chief Justice would receive a salary of $7,000—two thousand dollars more than that received by the highest paid State justices. The Associate Justices were to receive $6,000. The Court would have two sessions, to begin on the first Mondays of January and August of each year.

The Senate bill was taken up for consideration several times during the course of the session, and again during the next session, where it seems to have died of neglect. A House bill introduced by William Porcher Miles of South Carolina suffered a similar fate. It was referred to the House Judiciary Committee, and never heard from again. During the second session, Representative James Lyon of Virginia sponsored a successful resolution to require the Committee to report the bill, but this had no effect.

By the beginning of the third session it had become obvious that the Court would not "be organized in a short time." Attorney General Watts made his displeasure with Congress clear in his report to the President on New Year's Day, 1863, stating that "[w]hen the framers of our constitution divided all the delegated powers into the three great departments,..., they never contemplated the system fully organized until each department should be provided with a head," which, in the case of the Judiciary Department, would be the Supreme Court.

> *Uniformity in the construction of statutes, the preservation of constitutional landmarks, and justice to the property and person of the citizen, all call for the establishment of the Supreme Court, the head of the judicial department of the Government.*

With the beginning of the third session, the Supreme Court battle began in earnest. On the session's sixth day Senator Benjamin Hill of Georgia introduced S.3, which was identical in its provisions to the bill which had died in the previous session. Debate on the bill soon began to heat up. An initial attempt to kill the bill was defeated, after which amendments were passed which added another Associate Justice and decreased the salaries to $5,500 for all of the Justices. Considerable concern was expressed by a number of Senators that the originally proposed salaries would tend "to drain the States of their best legal talent and to encourage centralization at the expense of State's-right principles."

On the third day of debate Senator Clay of Alabama moved to amend the bill in a way that would strip the Supreme Court of jurisdiction to review the decisions of State courts which involved questions arising under the Constitution, laws or treaties of the Confederate States. This amendment stirred up the greatest controversy around the efforts to organize the Supreme Court.

Debate on the Clay amendment began on January 28, and continued for eighteen of the next thirty-eight days of the session. The question finally came to a vote on March 18, and by a vote of 16 to 6 the Supreme Court was stripped of power to review State court decisions on federal questions. The bill as amended was passed by the Senate the same day and sent to the House of Representatives the next day, where it was referred to the House Judiciary Committee on March 20th. The Committee made its report on April 9, recommending passage, but with an amendment restoring jurisdiction over State courts. Consideration of the bill was then postponed by the House and S.3 died when the First Congress adjourned on February 17, 1864.

Mr. Hill's proposal (S.3) was as close as the Confederate Supreme Court ever came to being organized. No such bill was introduced in the Senate during the Second Congress. Three Supreme Court bills were introduced in the House of Representatives. One of these died in committee and another was tabled. The third bill, H.R. 239, was ordered printed and placed on the calendar for discussion in the third session, but that session was never to be held. Some authorities believe that a Confederate Supreme Court would have been created during the next scheduled session. The Congressional elections of 1863 changed the Congress, and the death of Senator William Yancey silenced one of the Court's most outspoken adversaries. Therefore, 1865 might well have been the year the Confederacy gained a high court. However, this question has been relegated to the realm of historical speculation, because the Confederate Government fell under the force of invading armies. Southern independence, and with it the hope of a new nation, was lost.

The Senate debates on S.3 were long and often heated, at one point becoming violent when Senator Hill of Georgia threw an ink stand at Senator Yancey, inflicting a cut on his cheek. The opponents of the Court represented a variety of opinions. A small number, spoken for by Texas Senator Wigfall, wanted no Court at all. Some of these, indeed, objected to the Constitution itself, believing that it established much too strong a federal government, and expressed preference for a system approaching that under the old Articles of Confederation. Another segment of the Senate, the anti-administration faction, feared that President Davis might appoint someone they disliked such as Judah Benjamin or former U.S. Supreme Court Justice John A. Campbell.

However, the most numerous and vocal members of

the opposition were those who objected to Supreme Court appellate jurisdiction over State courts in federal questions. These senators believed that such an exercise of jurisdiction was too great a violation of State sovereignty. This was in fact an old argument, dating back to the earliest days of the 1787 Constitution. Virginia had challenged the constitutionality of the section of the U.S. Judiciary Act granting such jurisdiction in the case of *Martin v. Hunter's Lessee* in 1816, and while the old Supreme Court had upheld the validity of the power, Virginia, and many other States never conceded the point. In fact, as late as 1857 the Court's jurisdiction was seriously challenged by Wisconsin in the *Booth* cases.

The arguments made by Virginia in 1816 and Wisconsin in 1857 were again made by the opponents of jurisdiction in the Confederate Senate. It was pointed out that the Confederacy was a government of delegated powers, and only those powers specifically delegated could be exercised by Confederate authorities. There was no specific grant of authority in Article III of the Constitution for the Supreme Court to review decisions of State courts; indeed, State courts were not mentioned at all.

However, those who opposed Confederate review on constitutional grounds made a very fundamental error of law and ignored the rules of statutory and constitutional construction. While there may have been ground for arguing that the old U.S. Supreme Court had been in error in upholding the validity of jurisdiction over the States, this argument could not hold for the Confederate States Constitution. When the Confederate Constitution was adopted, the judicial interpretation of Article III of the old Constitution by the U.S. Court was well established. That construction upheld the constitutionality of Supreme Court review over the States in federal questions. When the Confederate Constitution was adopted, Article III was *not* changed in any respect affecting the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. As C.S.A. Attorney General T. H. Watts pointed out, the rule was well established that when one nation adopts without alteration a statute or constitutional provision of a foreign nation, the construction or established interpretation is also adopted. He wrote that:

> *It cannot be supposed that the framers of the Confederate Constitution were ignorant of the construction placed on every part of the Constitution of the United States.... Such clauses of the United States Constitution, as are incorporated without alteration or change, into the Confederate Constitution, must have been adopted with full knowledge of the established and uniform construction given them in the United States: and such construction thus became a part of our Constitution, and may well guide us in ascertaining the true meaning of its framers.*

It should be pointed out that attempts were made to amend Article III so as to deprive the Confederate Supreme Court of this review jurisdiction. At the Confederate Convention in Montgomery, Mr. Walker of the Committee on the Permanent Constitution attempted to have the committee's draft changed, but failed, and the same attempt was made on the floor of the convention during the debates on the Constitution, and met with the same result. These rejections seem to reinforce the view that the original construction was deliberately retained by the framers of the Provisional Confederate Constitution.

Senator Henry of Tennessee summed up the bottom line of the pro-jurisdiction party. He noted that those who had argued in opposition had declared that the U.S. Supreme Court had caused the dissolution of the old Union. The Senator accused these gentlemen of having used the same argument about whatever was being debated in the Senate; and he, for one, was tired of hearing about how this or that had caused the destruction of the old government. The members in opposition had called the Court "sappers and miners," villifying that body for certain decision; but what of the numerous instances in which that same Court had stemmed the tide of abolitionism?

In summary, Senator Henry insisted that failure to establish a high court with jurisdiction over the States would "ensure future discord between the Government and the States and the final dissolution of the former. The Confederate laws would receive different constructions in different States. We would have one law on a subject in Georgia, and another law on the same subject in Tennessee; and there being no appeal from the State Courts to the Supreme Court of the Confederate States, confusion worse confounded would be the inevitable consequence."

This lively debate was ended by the tragedy of war. One can only wonder what philosophy of law might have been handed down to posterity by such a court.

The lack of a Confederate Supreme Court left many legal questions without resolution. Fortunately, the one great legal issue over which uniform construction was necessary, the Conscription Act, did not suffer for the lack of a Supreme Court. In their judicial wisdom and patriotism, the Confederate States District Courts and the supreme courts of all the States were of one mind in upholding this necessary law.

In some form or other, the Confederate Supreme Court would have eventually been organized, and probably with the fuller jurisdiction. The one final ingredient necessary for its birth was a continuance of self-government by the people of the South. And that was not to be. ☆

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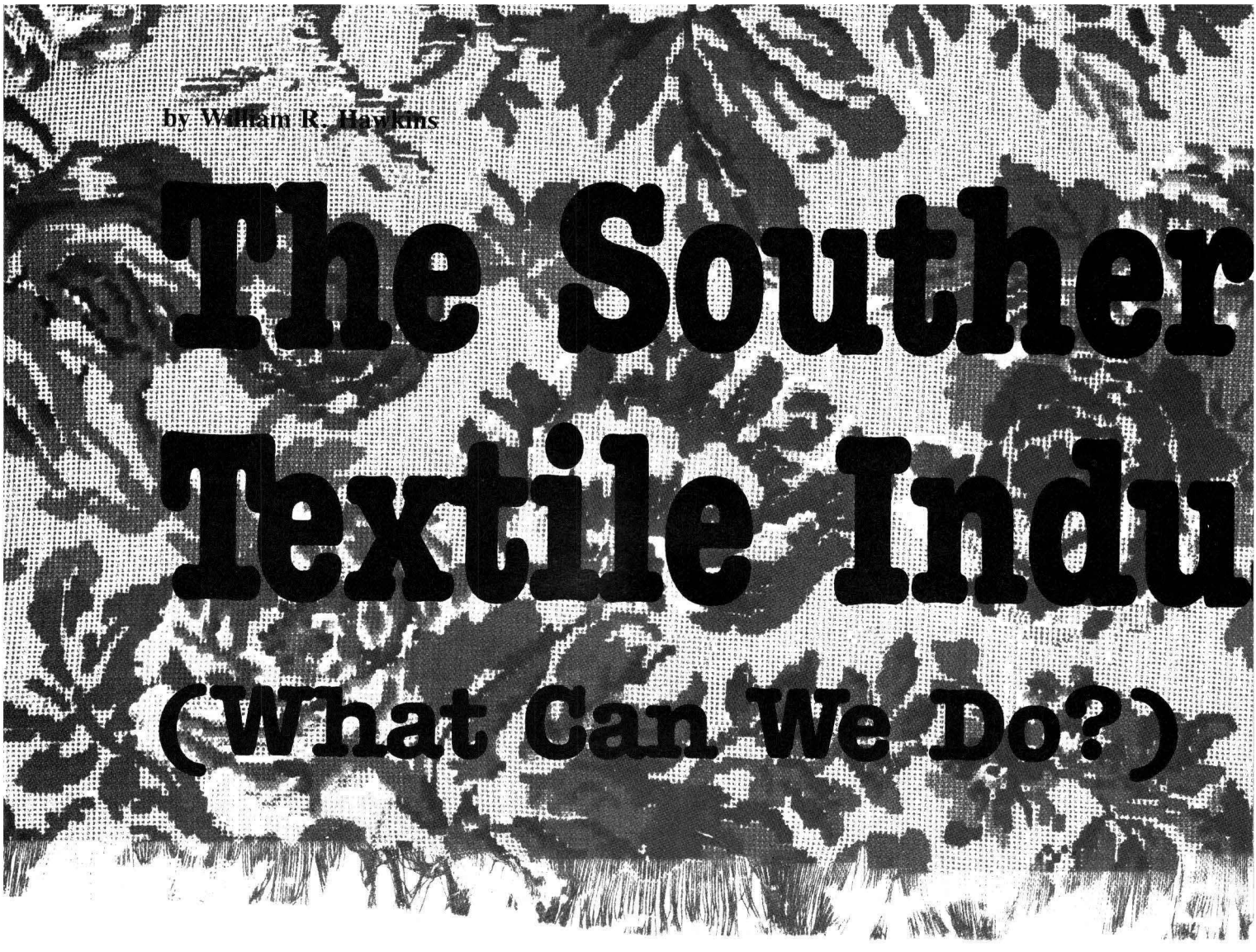


by William R. Hawkins

The Souther Textile Indu

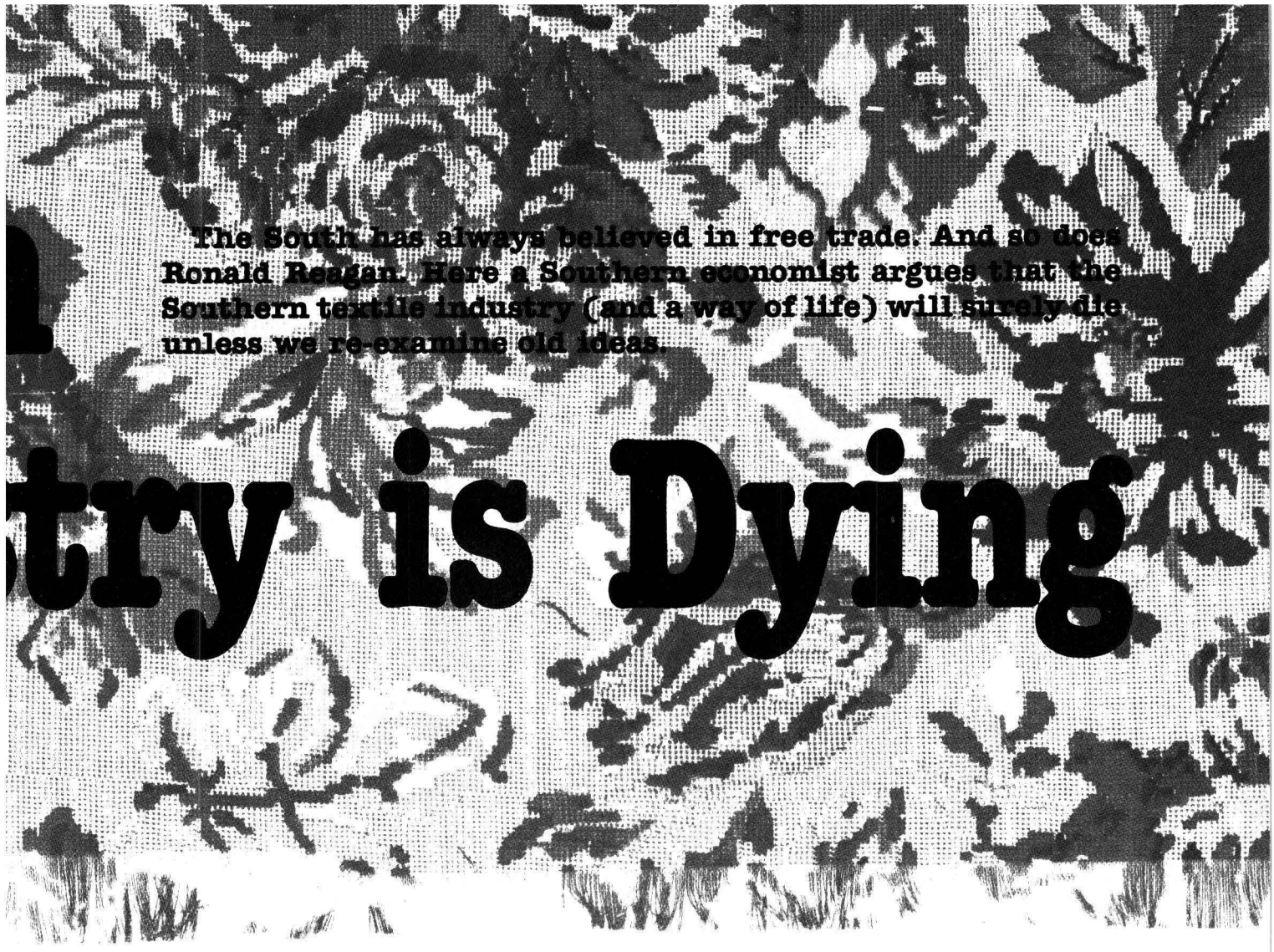
(What Can We Do?)

Louise Higgins worked as a weaver for 35 years at J.P. Steven's Saluda River mill in Piedmont, South Carolina. She was laid off when the plant was closed in February, 1985. She could not be transferred to the other Steven's mill in town because it had just cut its workforce from 700 to 570 employees. Nor could she seek work with the Steven's plant 20 miles away in Anderson, for it had also closed.

To the academic economist, Mrs. Higgins is merely a "factor of production" no longer needed in the textile industry, now "free" to be shifted to some other industry that needs additional labor factors. Yet, she is not some interchangeable mechanical part, like a microchip, to be unplugged from one circuit and reintegrated into a new system. At age 56 with no other work experience and living in a small town of 22,400 people where textiles are the mainstay of the community, the "automatic adjustments" of economic theory provide her with little comfort and less hope.

Across the South, the tragic disruption of individual, family and community life is being repeated hundreds of thousands of times. In the last five years, 250 textile plants have been closed with the direct loss of 169,000 jobs. More jobs have been lost indirectly. For every worker in a mill, there are others who make their living by selling that worker food, housing, vehicles, appliances, clothes, and a full range of other goods and services. This is the multiplier effect that builds up a region when new businesses open but that also destroys an entire region when key businesses close. Data Resources, Inc. has estimated that by 1990 if the decline of the textile industry continues, 1,850,000 jobs will be lost in textile and related industries. Three-quarters of these jobs will be lost in the South.

Small towns in rural areas have been hit the hardest. The American textile industry is located primarily in the South. During the 1940s and 1950s there was a large relocation of textile manufacturing from New England to the South. Textile firms were lured to the region because of its people—hard workers, independent of unions, people who desperately needed job opportunities. The rural South was poor, with high unemployment. Agriculture yielded little material gain to the small farmer. Therefore, the arrival of textile mills in rural



The South has always believed in free trade. And so does Ronald Reagan. Here a Southern economist argues that the Southern textile industry (and a way of life) will surely die unless we re-examine old ideas.

try is Dying

areas allowed the small town to survive longer in the South than in other parts of the country.

A good example is the northeast corner of Georgia where the rolling hills of the Piedmont meet the southernmost extension of the Appalachians. The textile firms which arrived forty years ago gave the area its only taste of prosperity. Today, mills can be found along I-85, from Atlanta through South Carolina on to Raleigh, North Carolina, representing nearly half the textile capacity of the nation. There are no major cities along I-85 in northeast Georgia once Atlanta is left behind, just small towns which appear hardly large enough to warrant exit ramps. Soon they may not need them. Some 8,000 jobs were lost in the textile industry in four years in this small corner of the state, a toll which accounts for 42 percent of all the textile jobs in the area. And there are no other major industries nearby to absorb those displaced workers.

Forty percent of the population in the South is still located in rural areas (compared to only 28 percent for the nation as a whole). In other parts of the country, the shift from agriculture to industry coincided with the creation of crowded urban centers—the massive metropolis which has today come to symbolize crime, pollution and decadence. But in the South, industrialization was spearheaded by hundreds of small textile plants scattered across the region which provided jobs without a radical break away from the agrarian tradition. These new jobs did not require wholesale uprooting of people. Many families, in fact, combined farm and factory employment, thus broadening their income base so that the family farm could be preserved.

Of course, the New South has its big cities: Atlanta, Nashville, Dallas, New Orleans. But it is the Old South of the small town, of farms and mills, which gives the region its special character and which infuses even the big cities with a cultural legacy that has lost its power elsewhere.

The destruction of the textile industry, which provides one out of every five industrial jobs in the South, will not only create mass unemployment, it will destroy a way of life and create severe social problems. Millions of people will be converted from self-supporting producers into an idle proletariat or else be forced to uproot

their families and seek new jobs in the cities. The process will be particularly difficult because of the large number of workers unemployed at once and the relative lack of personal financial resources and transferable skills on which most textile workers have to draw.

Their plight is the more tragic because it is not of their own making. For the most part, the South has rejected unions, kept taxes down and has maintained the work ethic. The problem is coming from outside. The American textile industry is being destroyed by foreign imports of both textiles and apparel. Imports have been growing at a 12 percent annual rate for a decade and have doubled in value in the last four years. American apparel manufacturers are, naturally, the biggest customers of American textile producers. Textile mills supply the fabrics which are turned into shirts and slacks and dresses.

The negative economic effect of foreign import pressure is a sword that cuts with a double edge. First, foreign apparels take dollars away from American apparel firms. Then the problem is compounded because surviving American apparel producers must buy cheaper foreign textiles in order to cut costs to fight the apparel imports.

The American apparel industry is actually in worse shape than the textile industry in that textile manufacturers are also in the home furnishing and industrial textile fields where import penetration has not been as bad. However, the complete collapse of the apparel industry would cost textiles dearly. By the same token, the synthetic fabric producers who sell to the textile manufacturers are in the same boat. Celanese Corporation recently closed a plant in South Carolina employing 930 workers which produced polyester yarn. Therefore, these industries, textile and apparel, must be saved together, as an interdependent group.

To save the textile and apparel industries is not akin to saving the buggy whip or the hand-loom. Americans still want and need the products. Rather, it is a question of from whom do they buy? Who earns the money and gets the jobs: American firms and workers or foreign firms and workers?

The argument has been made that American firms have lost the competitive edge, that our workers have been spoiled and that we are losing in the race for new industrial technology. Clearly, this argument does *not* apply to the textile industry. American textile workers are the most productive in output per man-hour in the world and the industry uses the most advanced equipment. The industry has invested $14.2 billion in capital improvements over the last decade. Productivity has risen nearly 5 percent per year for ten years, the second highest rate of productivity growth in the country (only electronics has progressed faster). Some of the plants which have been forced to close were built less than seven years ago and are equipped with the most advanced technology available.

In the international marketplace, efficiency is not measured by success in controlling world markets. Politics is also woven into the fabric of textile policy. Foreign governments support their textile and apparel manufacturers in a number of ways: special low interest loans, tax breaks on exports, direct payments (subsidies) and even direct government ownership (as in Communist China, the fastest growing exporter). At the same time, all textile and apparel producing nations erect barriers to keep imports out. Tariffs which increase the cost of imports, quotas or even absolute bans on imports as in Brazil, India and Pakistan. The purpose of such policies is to boost domestic employment, earn dollars by running a trade surplus and make profits which can be used to finance future economic expansion. In short, the same mix of economic reasons which should convince American officials to save endangered industry in the U.S.

...there is no economic difference between unlimited imports and unlimited immigration. The unrestricted movement of goods across borders is, in fact, a substitute for the movement of people.

As Roger Milliken, president of the industry-leading Milliken & Company and a man who has dedicated his life to free enterprise and conservative politics, has put it, "We are sacrificing our industrial base on the altar of free trade, a god no other nation worships."

Low wages also play a major role. Textile imports come mainly from Asia where wage rates are as low as 28 cents an hour. No amount of technological progress can offset that and still provide an American worker with a decent standard of living. American textile workers already earn less than the average hourly wage: $6.46 an hour versus the national average of $9.18. Those who worship at the altar of absolute free trade seem to treat overpopulation, poverty and exploitation as elements of efficiency to be rewarded by unlimited access to the American market.

Dr. John Culbertson, an economics professor at the University of Wisconsin and author of *International Trade and the Future of the West* has had the courage to break from the "free trade" orthodoxy of his discipline and look at the implications of unlimited trade with low-wage countries. Citing the classical economists' own views he has shown that there is no economic difference between unlimited imports and unlimited immigration. The unrestricted movement of goods across borders is, in fact, a substitute for the movement of people. The result is global competition between workers. In classical theory the result of such competition is a labor force condemned to poverty, with jobs going to those workers who will accept the lowest living standards.

There is an important distinction to be made between domestic and international trade in regard to price and efficiency. In a free market, competition rewards those

Nations do not become rich or powerful through consumption. It is production which creates wealth. People who are unemployed find it very difficult to be consumers. As Frederich List, a 19th century critic of free trade, put it "Who would be consoled at the loss of an arm by knowing that he could buy his shirts forty percent cheaper?"

businesses who operate efficiently and maintain low prices. However, this idea assumes that the competitors are playing by the same rules, recruiting from the same work-force, dealing with the same taxes and regulations, relying on the same capital market. With these factors all even, the element that makes the difference between success and failure is efficiency: who can best use what is available.

In international trade, there is no such uniformity. Success might be due to efficiency, but it might also be due to differences in institutional factors which most governments manipulate in an attempt to help their citizens control a larger share of the world's wealth.

In the short run, consumers may seem to gain from lower prices regardless of cause. The argument for "free trade" is based on this appeal. Yet this is a shallow view of how the world works. Nations do not become rich or powerful through consumption. It is production which creates wealth. People who are unemployed find it very difficult to be consumers. As Frederich List, a 19th century critic of free trade, put it "Who would be consoled at the loss of an arm by knowing that he could buy his shirts forty percent cheaper?"

The danger to industrial economies posed by low-wage imports has long been recognized by those actually engaged in business. Textiles are covered by the 1974 Multifiber Agreement, the latest in a series of international arrangements of export restraints and import quotas. Textile imports to the U.S. are also subject to a tariff of 22.3 percent. International trade will continue to be a major subject for negotiation with foreign government.

The Reagan Administration needs to take a strong line in any future talks. Yet the U.S. negotiating position has been weakened by recent events. President Reagan vetoed the bill limiting textile imports even though it was quite moderate (it limited imports to 60 percent of the domestic market). That action, by a President who has rarely used the veto power, plus strong free trade rhetoric from many high officials cannot help but convey to foreign textile exporters that the U.S. is not interested in the problems of its own industry.

Trade diplomacy is like any other kind of diplomacy. Talks must be launched from a position of strength. The source of that strength is the threat of taking unilateral actions against imports if agreements which protect American interests cannot be reached. The Reagan Administration has thrown its chips away before it has even sat down at the table.

This is a slap in the face of the South. The import limitation bill which had been sponsored by Senator Strom Thurmond was supported by a bipartisan margin of 5-1 among Southern Congressman in both Houses. Such stalwart conservative supporters of the President as Jesse Helms and Jeremiah Denton backed the bill.

Given the past history of the South as a bastion of free trade, the current protectionist sentiment in the region may seem odd. After all, South Carolina almost led an armed uprising when the Nullification controversy was triggered by the protective tariffs of 1828 and 1832.

However, the economy of the South has changed considerably in 150 years. Tariffs benefit regions which are trying to preserve or acquire an industrial base. Before the War Between the States, only the North stood to benefit from such a policy. The South mainly imported its manufactured goods, either from the North or from Europe. Today, there are steel mills in Alabama as well as in Pennsylvania; auto plants in Tennessee as well as in Michigan. State governments in the South are doing everything they can to maintain this new industrial base because the multiplier effect of new investment lifts up the entire region. Thus there is a regional interest as well as a national interest in discouraging the flow of investment into Asia or the Third World.

The North today suffers from the consequences of deindustrialization: higher unemployment, a shrinking tax base, and the exodus of skilled and creative people. Still, until recently, the shift of investment and the movement of workers has been within the national context, confined to the American territory. Now, however, we face a regional crisis in the South which can also strike the entire country, if redistribution moves vital industries beyond the nation's borders, enriching foreign markets while economic life in America withers.

Moreover, throughout this century, the South has industrialized in a unique way, with a proliferation of textile plants that allowed small communities and rural life to prosper. Hundreds of family farms in the South have managed to survive only with supplemental income provided by working shifts in nearby textile plants.

The delicate balance that has allowed the South to retain its traditional character is now being sacrificed on the altar of international free trade. Without relief from trade agreements or legislation designed to protect American workers, in this case Southern American workers, the economic foundations for a way of life are likely to disappear by the end of the decade.

William R. Hawkins taught at universities in Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia before becoming Economics Consultant to the U.S. Business and Industrial Council in Nashville, Tennessee.

PARTISAN CONVERSATION

Peter C. Myers

Peter C. Myers, when he was recently promoted to Deputy Secretary of Agriculture for the United States, became the highest ranking Southerner in the Reagan Administration (no, George Bush is not from Texas). Prior to his promotion, Mr. Myers was Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and, before that, chief of the Soil Conservation Service, where he established the nation's first comprehensive soil and water conservation program.

Mr. Myers spent 27 years of his life planting row-crop and raising livestock (hogs) on the Mississippi Delta northwest of Memphis. He is quick to declare himself a Southerner and a Christian (a partial redundency). And we are delighted to report to you that he does not have the peculiar accent common among so many cabinet officials on the Reagan Administration.

Peter Myers now lives with his wife and five children just south of the Potomac River in Virginia. He gave this interview in his Washington office to the *Southern Partisan's* Rod Gragg.

PARTISAN: How would you describe the condition of the Southern family farm today?
MYERS: Well, obviously we have a lot of problems, which has been compounded by the drought. I can tell you this from my own looking and traveling: we've got a lot of Southern farmers in economic trouble. I think the worst problems are where the government has pushed FMHA loans and has encouraged people unwittingly to accept too heavy a credit load. The government's part of the cause of the problem. Outside people might say that the farmers had to sign on the dotted line, but it's always easier to borrow money than it is to pay it back. I know that from a personal experience because I've operated on borrowed capital all my life in my farming.

Southern agriculture has traditionally not been as conservative as the Mid-Westerners. We've always borrowed a little money to operate on. Even back when we used to operate on what we called "Gin Whistle" terms, when we bought our seed and fertilizer at the local cotton gin and then paid back at the end of the year when our cotton was harvested. Our tradition was to borrow a little money to operate. As agriculture grew bigger, credit got easier, whether it was the FMHA, the PCA or the local bank. Our land equity grew and we could continue to borrow. And some of us got in over our heads.

Of course it didn't always happen that way. Some farmers didn't jump in on the land expansion. Some didn't succumb to the "new paint disease." Those

more conservative farmers are still in pretty good shape, and we've a lot of Southern family farmers who *are* in good economical shape.

In fact, I feel very optimistic about the future of the family farm, whether it's a family corporation or a partnership or a father-son operation. I still think the family farm is going to be the dominant factor in American agriculture all across the country.

PARTISAN: You say that one of the problems facing Southern farms is that the government advanced so many FMHA loans. How did this happen?

MYERS: Well, not always FMHA. When I was farming for some reason, I didn't go to the FMHA for money. But in some states 70 to 80 percent of the farmers did borrow money from the FMHA —and that's a bad situation.

Theoretically, the FMHA should be the court of last resort. But in fact the government made money available through the FMHA and kind of pushed it at people. Consequently, many farmers have too much interest to pay: we made it too easy to buy land, too easy to buy machinery, and now the equity is no longer there in the land. Crop prices are lower. We're going through a leveling-off period. So, a farmer who has a big debt load is going to have a struggle. The best managers should be able to make it, but we're going through a very difficult time right now.

PARTISAN: In the South, we used to see types of farming that no longer exist. For example, at one time the South was the world's largest rice producing region. Are any other communities in danger?

MYERS: I am very worried about the cotton economy. I used to be a cotton farmer. I kept records and I kept proving to myself that I wasn't making as much profit on cotton as I was on other commodities. So we finally stopped raising cotton.

Of course, my farm was at the north end of the cotton belt and we don't consistently make a high cotton yield. But there were other factors. China, for example, has dramatically increased cotton production. And I'm nervous about any crop that has to be totally supported by government payments.

Also, tobacco is getting a lot of pressure from the health angle. Tobacco has kept a lot of those small Southern farms in business. It's a tremendous cash crop. But will the health pressure on the government cause us to quit subsidizing tobacco? I don't know. That's something Congress will have to decide. But as you well know, a small tobacco allotment can keep a small farm going. Then the farmer can have a little livestock to go with it and a little corn and a little wheat. With that, he can make a pretty decent living for his family.

I still see a future for the diversified farm in the South. But it has to be a well-managed economical unit. Whatever it takes, maybe broilers, laying-hens, or other diversified activity. And when the farmer can produce his own feed, it's a better situation. Increase in net profit will require increasing efficiencies. We do have advantages of climate in the South, and maybe farmers can put in cut flowers or vegetables in a hothouse in the winter time. There are a lot of ways to add to your income on the farm other than just working the traditional crop for 4 to 5 months of the year and then doing nothing.

PARTISAN: Let's go back to tobacco for a second. Do you see a gloomy future for tobacco farmers, and will they be forced to look at something that actually does produce less money?

MYERS: No, I don't see a gloomy future. If we don't produce it, tobacco is going to be brought in as an import from foreign countries. Some people are going to smoke whether we produce it here or in another country. But I see a difficult time with the government trying to continue to subsidize this type of thing. I think it's up to the individual whether he wants to smoke or not and it's up to the individual producer whether he wants to produce tobacco or not. They can criticize me for producing beef cattle because, theoretically, cholesterol is harmful to people's health. So you can look at that both ways.

Down the road, I see a difficult time for all highly-subsidized crops. Right now we're in a transition period. When the agricultural economy gets healthy again and basic farm commodities get reasonably-priced with a reasonable profit for farmers, it's going to be hard to continue to justify heavy expenditures of tax dollars in a lot of these farm commodities.

PARTISAN: So you foresee then an eventual end to the federal subsidies for crops?

MYERS: I don't see a total end in the near future. I guess I'm an idealist. I think most things function better with less federal involvement. I feel very strongly about that. But yet I feel that the American consumer benefits from the efficiency of the American farmer. That's why the American consumer has been fed well down through history. I would hope some day we could get away from these heavy subsidies because I think we would be better off without the market control that subsidies exert.

PARTISAN: Do you see crop subsidies as just another federal welfare program?

MYERS: No, there's a difference. There's no doubt about that. We would hope that crop subsidies are keeping our basic economy going. And 20 percent of the nation's economy turns on agriculture.

On the other hand, farm subsidies are like welfare subsidies in the sense that we are trying to help people who need help.

As a Christian nation, we can't turn our backs on women and children who don't have a means of providing income or people who lack the basics of food and shelter. Of course, traditionally, the churches used to assume this responsibility. But we have gotten away from that. We have gotten to the point where many people simply say, "Let the government do it. I pay taxes, let the govern-

ment take care of these people," whether it's our older people in nursing homes or the lady down the road whose husband's died. And farm people are still better than city people about helping out in hard times. Farm people will rally around their neighbors and help.

PARTISAN: Is the government beginning to respond to folks who are concerned about losing their Judeo-Christian heritage?

MYERS: I think elected representatives are. I don't see the courts responding. And I see this strong Christian ethic in the South more than other parts of the country where I travel. When I go to meetings in the South, whether they're board meetings or dinners, they always start with a prayer. I find this in the Middle West too in a lot of cases.

PARTISAN: That's true. The South and the West are different in other ways too. There's been coverage in the news recently about the fact that rural and farming communities both in the West and the South have large numbers of people who qualify for food stamps but who choose not to accept them....

MYERS: Farm families are proud. I think that's the reason we're having stress in the farming community right now. A farmer feels that if he works hard he should succeed. If for some reason he fails, he feels ashamed. By that same standard, farmers are often too proud to take food stamps. There were times when my net income would have qualified us for food stamps, but I would not have thought about it or thought about letting my kids get reduced prices for their school lunch.

Farmers traditionally are hard-working people determined to make it on their own. But the flip side of that is when something happens through no fault of their own and they are in an economic bind, it's hard for them to accept it. They feel the pressure of their neighbors more strongly than if they lived in the city. Some farmers are going to have to say, "Hey—I'm in this situation and I may have to do something different in order to provide for my family. So I'm going to swallow my pride and I'm going to get another job." I have friends in Missouri who have done this. They were active in organizations that I was active in, and I admire them for saying, "We can't make it economically. We've had two crop failures and we're going to do something else. We're going to hold our heads up and go on."

PARTISAN: Do you think these people will eventually go back to the farm?

MYERS: Some will and some won't. I've got several friends who have recently made the transition. Some are trying to hang on to row cropping with a full-time job doing something else. Now some are saying, "I see the handwriting on the wall. I'm going to sell out. It's better for my family—for my family's stability. I want to do something else."

PARTISAN: Do you feel that farmers today in the South have to be better at business?

MYERS: Very definitely. Just being a good farmer, just making maximum yields, is not the answer anymore. It's the guy who's a businessman, who knows how to manage his money, manage his credit, how to market intelligently, and make net income instead of just a high gross yield, who's going to succeed. When you get an increase of 10 cents a bushel on a crop, that's net income. We're going to have to pay much more attention to the business side of farming.

PARTISAN: So, will family farms in the South eventually disappear?

MYERS: Definitely not. In fact, I feel just the opposite. I think a strong, viable family unit can out-compete against a large corporation every time, because the corporate structure can't hire what you need on a farm. And that's seasonally long hours for three or four weeks at a time. We've had several corporations come into southeast Missouri and they're gone. I still think the family farming unit that is also a viable economic unit (and doesn't expect to work just four months out of the year and do nothing the other eight) will survive.

PARTISAN: So you do not think we are going to see many small family farms replaced by a few large agribusiness units?

MYERS: No. I don't see that happening. It's true that the poultry industry *has* been integrated vertically. But I just don't see huge corporate farms replacing efficient family farms. But let me explain what I mean by the phrase "family farm." In my case, it's 1,300 acres—myself and my son-in-law until I had to get out to go into public service. A lot of people would say that's a big farm. Well, he and I and one more man farmed that acreage and ran a family hog operation. That's a family farm. Some place else, it could be 500 acres and a bigger hog operation. Might be 200 acres and a dairy farm. In the West, it might be 5,000 acres and a wheat operation. It could be 160 acres in a catfish operation in the Delta. But it has to be an economically viable year-round unit.

PARTISAN: How does the typical Southern family farmer make his farm efficient, which you say is going to be the key to survival?

MYERS: He has to look closely at his situation and answer some hard questions. If he only has 160 acres in his base unit, can he rent other land close enough to him to make it work? Is he a good enough farmer to be able to rent the land? Just owning land is not totally the answer. Will he have to add a livestock unit? Will he have to add a pick-your-own orchard? There's a lot of things.

Each person has to look at his own situation and determine what he has to offer. Does he have to get a part-time job if he wants to continue to function this way or expand in another direction? What credit does he have available? He has to look at the full range of options and then make his own decision. That's part of the greatness of this country—we have the right to fail but also have

the right to succeed. If we ever take away the right to fail, in other words, if we guarantee everybody everything, then our right to succeed will also disappear.

PARTISAN: How important do you view the South to the nation's agricultural production?

MYERS: I think the potential in the South is phenomenal. When I look at the Coastal Plain for instance, acres and acres and acres, I know that the yield could be much higher. I see a lot of the rolling land that could be well utilized in grass.

There's a gentleman in Jackson, Mississippi who publishes a magazine that took me to task for saying you couldn't make it in grass anymore. Then he proceeded to prove that you can. So I still think there's a way to do it by putting grass through livestock. But here again, it has to be well-managed. You can't just turn the cows out and let them go.

Livestock in the South, where you have almost year-round grazing, has a lot of potential. The South has a longer growing season and adequate rainfall. Normally, you don't have to depend on irrigation water except supplementally to get you through the dry spells. So, the South has great potential because of the longer season, the good rainfall, and the potential to diversify. In all these areas, the North is much more limited.

PARTISAN: Well, that brings us to this question: if the South is so important to the nation's agriculture, why are there so few Southerners in prominent positions in the Agriculture Department?

MYERS: Well, it's difficult for any farmer to come into the department. In my own case, I had to devest myself financially and managerially from any type of participation in my farm to avoid any hint of a conflict. That's really why it's so difficult.

We would welcome farmers from any part of the country. It's just difficult to divorce yourself from a farming operation in the legal way so that you can qualify to be a policy official in the department.

PARTISAN: Well, granted it would be difficult for a farmer to be involved in public service, but other prominent positions are being held by people from other parts of the country who are not Southerners and who have been able to do it. Why do we not see more Southerners in the Agriculture Department? Is there any type of anti-Southern bias that exists here?

MYERS: No. There's no anti-Southern bias at all. We don't look any differently at a Southern farmer than candidates from other regions. The Chief of the SCS is from Texas. That's the South. And I'm a Southern farmer.

PARTISAN: Well, let's talk about you for a second. You're a farmer. You are from a Southern state. You're a hog farmer from Missouri. How did you come to this position?

MYERS: I knew Jack Block through the National Outstanding Young Farmers Fraternity. I had met him and been with him professionally two or three times, So I made his acquaintance, and sat down and talked enough during those times that we knew our philosophies agreed. So, we came to be reasonably good friends. I didn't see him for five or six years. Then I met him on a plane coming to Washington one day on a business trip and he said, "Come in and talk to me." So I did and he offered me the job of Chief of the Soil Conservation Service. At that time, I turned him down flat. I said, "I don't want anything to do with Washington; I'm happy at home." Then I said, I'll go home and pray about it." I did, and finally I decided that service here is a way I can contribute to the country and that the Lord probably wanted me here. It was the connection with Jack Block that gave me the opening. Also, I had a son-in-law at home to run the farm, so I was able to leave. Normally a farmer just can't do that. Given today's climate, where subsidies are so important, a big tobacco farmer couldn't come in here. A small tobacco farmer probably couldn't come in either. A cotton farmer couldn't come in because he would give up the efficiency he needs to make that operation go.

PARTISAN: Well, let me close by asking you as a Southerner, one who is obviously pleased to call himself a Southerner....

MYERS: Oh, I'm a Southerner alright. I talk Southern. Wherever I go, they know I'm a Southerner.

PARTISAN: Well, then how has being a Southerner affected your view of farming and your general view of the world?

MYERS: Well, for one thing, I think it gives me a better view of people. Southerners like people—get along with people—and I think that's helped tremendously. I understand Southern agriculture better: the cotton and rice type operation where farmers are used to farm programs. The typical mid-Westerner didn't always participate in farm programs, so my Southern roots have given me that viewpoint.

Also, I understand how Southerners think and operate. By being in debt all my life I understand the stress that farmers are going through right now. It's very important for the Department to have people who understand that situation. Of course, I'm not proud about being in debt. But I think it gives me a little different philosophy when I view the farm problems we're having right now in the South and middle West. I have a better understanding of what people are going through.

PARTISAN: You also describe yourself as a Christian. Has being a Southerner had any impact on that?

MYERS: Oh, I think traditionally people in the South are more outspoken on their religion. When we pray, we evoke the name of Jesus Christ, and I think that's a very positive thing. I've never been hesitant to do that wherever I go to speak. I try to witness for the Lord, and my Southern heritage gives me the strength and the willingness to do that.

RESTORATION SERIES

The Maryland Vesuvius: *The Politics of Samuel Chase*

by M.E. Bradford

(April 17, 1741 - June 19, 1811), lawyer, jurist and Maryland political leader both during and after the American Revolution. A Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. For his florid and vehement oratory, his power of denunciation, called "the Maryland Demosthenes." Yet elsewhere (and with some reason) described as "a busy restless incendiary," a turbulent "foul-mouthed and inflaming son of discord." An Antifederalist in 1787-1788. Later, for reasons consistent with his earlier position, a full convert to the Federalist cause, acting in behalf of ordered liberty with all the fervor that comes with a difficult change of commitment.

Note: We are pleased to announce that our Restoration Series, over the next Several issues, will feature portraits of Southerners who participated in the debate over the U.S. Constitution. These vivid sketches are excerpted from M.E. Bradford's new book *A Worthy Company: Leaders of the State Convention which Ratified the Constitution.*

Justice Samuel Chase was born near Princess Anne in Somerset County, Maryland. His father was the Reverend Thomas Chase, graduate of Eton and Cambridge and, after immigration to these shores, rector of Somerset Parish and other Maryland churches. His mother, Matilda Walker Chase, who died giving life to her son, was the daughter of a Maryland planter. Young Samuel spent some of his early years in the home of an aunt; but, while still a child, returned to live with his widowed father and to receive a classical education from that practical instructor -- a former member of the faculty at Eton.

In 1759, at the age of eighteen, Samuel Chase entered upon the study of the law in the Annapolis chambers of Hammond and Hall, two capable attorneys. In 1761 he was admitted to practice in the local Mayor's Court and, two years later, to chancery and county courts in the same region. With industry, eloquence, a sonorous voice and imposing stature (6'3" and over two hundred forty pounds) he early on made a powerful impression on his Maryland contemporaries and, in consequence, in 1764 was elected to an Annapolis seat in the Maryland General Assembly. At the time he was only twenty-three years old but already a power in local city politics and successful as a lawyer, with a large practice among ordinary citizens.

From the time of his first appearance in the Maryland Assembly, Samuel Chase was in opposition to the closed system of Crown-appointed governors and proprietors' favorites--what scholars now refer to as the "court party." The Stamp Act was the only subject before the house when Chase first took his place there in September of 1765. The young lawyer was a Whig like his father. And like the parson of St. Paul's, Baltimore, he was a member of the Sons of Liberty. Close to his constituents and experienced in actions for recovery of debt, he knew the feelings of his neighbors on almost every issue...

Early in his tenure in the Assembly, Chase became a master of creating coalitions, of drafting and passing bills. Sometimes he served on as many as twenty committees in one session. And through steady application he came to master details concerning the social, economic and political life of most sections of the colony. Thus, with energy, thoroughness and oratorical skill, he became the legislative leader of the country party in Maryland--the party of limited government and local control...

In May of 1774 Maryland received news of the passage in Parliament of the Boston Port Act, and soon thereafter reports of the other Intolerable Acts. Within a month of their first angry reaction to the

punitive legislation aimed at a sister colony up the coast, delegates from every county in this very conservative province met, bringing messages from the local conventions which they represented, calling for nonimportation, nonexportation (the Association), and a general congress of delegates from every British colony in North America. Samuel Chase was one of the five sent by Maryland to the First Continental Congress in Philadelphia. He was joined there by Matthew Tilghman, Thomas Johnson, William Paca and Robert Goldsborough. Of the Maryland leaders, Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Chase were the first to decide for independence--not long after King George III declared that all Americans organized to resist his ministers were "without the law" and began to recruit mercenaries to fill out the ranks of his army of suppression...

Samuel Chase was, of course, in many ways himself reluctant to sever all connections with the mother country. Throughout the years of conflict between his community and a stubborn Parliament over the sea, Chase had (in the phrase of his biographers) "sought to preserve traditional English liberties for the colonists who were being denied equal rights and equal justice in the British Empire." In the First Continental Congress Chase sided with the conservatives who hoped to restrain Great Britain with trade policy. He dreaded a root-and-branch reformation of the regime he represented. When the Reverend Joachim Zumbly of Georgia opposed the Association as imprudent and likely to irritate the Crown, Chase drove him from the hall with the fury of his rhetoric. But he determined, sometime in December of 1775, that reconciliation would not be possible. Therefore, "to safeguard English liberties" a confederated republic would be required, and a new fundamental law for a free Maryland--a law protecting both liberty and order, implemented by the natural aristocracy of the state, restraining the tendency of democracy to vote itself the property of its most capable citizens and of oligarchy to reserve freedom of opportunity to its members, their families and friends. Hence in the drafting of a constitution for Maryland he struggled to restrict the franchise and access to important offices to men of a certain means, and embraced the notion of political rights only so far as to cover the goods and personal liberty of those inside the social condition. And he struggled also to preserve a kind of plural religious establishment that could discourage the workings of pride, from above or below.

In the Congress Chase was once again a man for every task, serving on as many as thirty committees in a single year. He showed an early interest in foreign relations and was (with Benjamin Franklin and Charles Carroll of Carrollton) part of a commission sent to Canada to persuade the French Canadians to join in a continental union of Free American communities. This commission failed in its task, but Chase threw himself into other work, fostering the development of an American navy, working out compromises on representation, urging inclusion in the Articles of Confederation of a provision for access to western lands for citizens of those states without historic claims beyond the mountains...

...He was a great supporter of General Washington in his time of troubles and (with Thomas Johnson) a gatherer of supplies for the army. But the conflation of his personal business with his political functions as leader of the Revolution brought him into difficulty in 1778, and finally resulted in his departure from the Congress, with grave injury to his reputation.

The scandal which caused Alexander Hamilton to attack Chase in the *New York Journal* as one "immortalized in infamy" and "universally despised" concerned the efforts of Chase and his partners in the Baltimore firm of John Dorsey and Company to buy all the flour they could find and sell it in New England. Chase was accused of using privileged information to corner a market and extract personal gain--specifically, knowledge of a secret resolution passed by the Congress, a plan to purchase twenty thousand barrels of flour in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and Virginia, for shipment to New England. Chase answered these charges some years later, pointing out that the wheat shortage in New England was common knowledge long before the Congress drew up plans to correct the situation. Furthermore, the Dorseys eventually sold their wheat to government agents without much profit, once they entered the market and explained their needs. Confusion over Chase's role in all of this complication continued to bedevil him for years to come. No amount of explanation ever satisfied certain of his enemies. Hence he was not reelected to the Congress for 1779 and spent the next decade of his political career attempting to preserve and refurbish his reputation and influence as the first man in Maryland politics.

Chase was briefly out of the political arena in 1778, but could rightfully be identified as the man who set the agenda in the Maryland legislature from 1776 through 1789. Immediately following the Revolution he brought forward a series of bills to put the state on a footing for war--measures which finally became a militia act, a test act (to root out "secret enemies") and a tender law. Chase arranged for the confiscation of Tory property--over the opposition of the Patriot gentry--and then began to purchase some of that land to serve his own place in society: tracts valued at more than £6,000 by 1786. He handled the affairs of the Potomac Company before the House of Delegates, brought shares, and speculated in frontier land in Ohio. Once returned to his seat in 1779, Chase

recovered most of his temporarily diminished influence in the lower chamber of the Maryland legislature. And, in 1782, following an official inquiry by the entire house, he was formally vindicated by a vote of 36-2 of all charges of wrongdoing in the matter of the flour shortage. Indeed, he was soon once again so well trusted a public man as to be chosen by his political associates to negotiate for Maryland (in 1783-1784) the recovery of its stock in the Bank of England.

From this London work toward what was finally a settlement of £140,000 Chase earned eventually 6,500. But not immediately upon his return to the United States. Therefore, as a result of his long concentration upon the political life, he began to experience some financial difficulties. His personal obligations were considerable, and always growing. With the onset of depression in the mid-1780's, his trading partnership with John and Thomas Dorsey collapsed, and the burden of his outstanding obligations became almost intolerable...

Chase cut his way free from all of this tangle only when the legislature, in 1789, passed a private bill which gathered in all of his property, including debts he had not collected, a gift from a friend, an advance on claims against the state, certain notes of hand and a large mortgage and waited for him to practice enough law to avoid debtor's prison.

It was in the atmosphere created by harsh economic circumstances and the struggle over paper money that Samuel Chase and his leading adversaries in Maryland politics refused to accept places in the Great Convention and divided up on opposing sides of the question when that capable assembly produced the United States Constitution and sent it out for evaluation by the people of the states. Like his friend Luther Martin (who represented Chase and his party in Philadelphia), he was not frightened by Shays' Rebellion. For it had been caused by the kind of policies he was opposing in Maryland. But he did fear that the Constitution would favor the interests of creditors and restrict the power of state legislatures to protect their people from a shortage of money needed for purposes of exchange. Indeed, it contained provisions against state issues of paper money and against laws impairing the obligations of contract. Therefore Chase advised his constituents to take great care in approaching the new instrument of government and asked them if they wished to "alter" or "abolish" their familiar form of government in Maryland or cancel their own "Bill of Rights "... In the Maryland ratification convention of April 21-26, 1788, Samuel Chase, John Francis Mercer and Luther Martin had only twelve votes on which they could depend in their maneuvers, while the Federalists, led by Alexander Contee Hanson, had as many as sixty-two, and a hard core of thirty-five who were opposed to any form of conciliation. Samuel Chase arrived late, but spoke at length. In his reading of the Constitution he found no real limits on the power of the national government, "no Bill of Rights to restrain the Congress." In the instrument proposed the federal union was destroyed, along with the Maryland state constitution, and its component parts "melted down" to form a strictly national power. "The whole Constitution," he maintained, "breathes a jealousy of the states." The tenure of Presidents in office, he believed, would be better restricted by a number of years or sequence of terms. The jurisdiction of the courts was too broad and allowed for augmentation by "construction." In a truly Federal system there would be "no [national] power over the individual citizens of any of the states," or any national authority over "internal police." A change in the Articles of Confederation was indeed necessary, including a power to tax and (if resisted) collect and a power to make and enforce treaties. But the Philadelphia Framers had gone too far, had violated the character of their mandate in preparing a document which begins, "We the People." Better if the Articles had been merely revised, and with modesty. "There is no injury for which our present laws do not provide a remedy." Moreover, much of what had been proposed for the new fundamental law served only "a few rich and ambitious men."

The authoritative biographers of Justice Chase observe, "It was not the leadership of a socio-economic elite *per se* to which Chase objected, but rather what he perceived as the Maryland elite's unresponsiveness to the electorate and abuse of power in the paper money contest." This feeling about the leading Federalists flowed over into his opposition to the United States Constitution during the ratification debates in Annapolis and flavored the report of the Antifederalist minority in the Maryland convention, a pleading prepared by Chase after the Federalists refused even to consider the idea of recommending subsequent amendments once ratification had been achieved. But in Maryland the leaders of the popular party accepted the Constitution, once the Bill of Rights was added. In contrast, high-handed behavior on the part of the Federalists continued into the early years of the Republic, and produced a sharp reaction on the part of the rest of the State's population. Inspired by a sense of injured merit and/or by the example of the French Revolution, most Antifederalists became Jeffersonians, advocates of a kind of class struggle. This transformation, of course, shifted the balance of liberty and order, offended against the corporate spirit of interdependence as much as had the nabobs of the Maryland state senate. In reaction to a change in the definition of the common good, in outrage at the effort to import French atheism and French equality to these shores, Samuel Chase followed the example of

his English friend Edmund Burke and "crossed the aisle"--changed party. The result of his decision was the final and most colorful phase of his career, his service as a judge.

Never a democrat even when a defender of the "middling sort" against all potential exploiters, Samuel Chase as a jurist in an era of democratic upheaval became one of the foremost adversaries of democratic dogma and excess to be found in the American context. Recognizing the difficulty of his financial circumstances, in 1788 Governor William Smallwood made Chase (an old friend) head judge of the Baltimore Court of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery. From this assignment he moved to a place as one of Baltimore's municipal commissioners in August of 1791, to appointment as chief judge of the Maryland General Court and, in the following fall, once again to the chief justiceship of the Baltimore County criminal court. Chase was becoming a pillar of the community--admirable in the eyes of his onetime opponents. He was elected to the state senate, but was obliged to decline the office in accepting his places on the Maryland bench. As a judge Chase was confronted by the prevalence of radicalism and a mob spirit in certain neighborhoods of Baltimore. In August of 1794 Chase delivered a charge to the Baltimore grand jury, censuring them for going outside of their function: for claiming "by natural law, a right to complain of all grievances" and for adopting "pernicious French doctrines." There were riots and Chase brought justice to those responsible. Jeffersonians in the Maryland legislature sought to remove him from the bench. James McHenry and Charles Carroll were impressed by the combination of right principle and political courage in their old enemy, and advised President Washington to promote his faithful supporter in wartime to some high post. First his name was mentioned for the office of Attorney General. But with the resignation of Justice John Blair, Washington decided to give Chase a seat on the United States Supreme Court, in which he was confirmed on the 27th of January, 1796.

As Associate Justice of the Supreme Court Samuel Chase made a record not duplicated before or since his time. During his fifteen years on the High Court he was often a bully or a partisan--"bold, impetuous, overbearing and decisive." There was something overdone about the perfervid intensity of his manner, once roused to action. Contemporaries spoke of it often, and with irritation. Moreover, the effect of a Chase performance was reinforced by the impressions made by the bulk of his person and the ring of his voice--a hyperbole in every sense. It is no wonder that many attorneys were reluctant to bring an action before the Middle Circuit while Samuel Chase presided over its business. The explanation for his abrasive conduct made by many authorities, that though born a gentleman, he was not taught to behave like one, is not sufficient to the case. For all of public life in the colonial South was a school in manners. It is better theory to speak of temperament, and of the irritation of the times to a man of Chase's convictions. When Judge Peters of Pennsylvania reported, "I never sat with him [Chase] without pain, as he was forever getting into some intemperate and unnecessary squabble," he is pointing to a quality of character in his famous contemporary--fiery, dogmatic and high-handed. It is not surprising that Samuel Chase is the only Justice of the United States Supreme Court to have been, thus far, impeached.

Once on the Supreme Court, Chase began to assert himself almost from the first. In his opinion in the matter of *Ware v. Hilton* (1796) Chase ruled against the pleading of John Marshall, who defended "the sovereignty of Virginia" against the binding force of treaties. In the case of *Calder v. Bull* (1798) he achieved a definition of *ex post facto* law and an interpretation of its meaning which stands to this day. In *United States v. Worrall* (1798) he denied the jurisdiction of the Federal Courts over crimes at common law--and thus reinforced his standing as a champion of limited government. The states possessed all authority given to them by the State constitutions and "not expressly taken away" by the United States Constitution. There were, he insisted, no implied powers, and no "constructive power" in the Supreme Court. Only Congress should "judge the justice of its laws."

But while performing distinguished service as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Samuel Chase did also more than a little campaigning for John Adams. In addition he urged friends in Congress to support the Alien and Sedition Acts, gathering to himself in the process larger and larger numbers of enemies. And once those hard laws were on the statute books, Chase applied them with a rigor that made him almost part of the prosecution when radical essayists appeared before his court. When one John Fries rebelled against paying taxes to prepare for a war against France, Chase condemned him to death. Libelers he fined and locked away. Finally he added to his enforcement of these laws and others a new series of charges to Federal grand juries which were expressive of a political doctrine antithetical to that of many Jeffersonians, and some Federalists.

Among other things, in these addresses Chase denied directly the doctrine of natural rights. For the equality in a state of nature commonly postulated in social contract theory concerning the origins of government, he had only contempt. To begin, the state of nature in that theory was merely imaginary in that it is inconceivable "that any number of men ever existed...without some...chief" whom they obeyed. At

any rate, "there could be no liberty and no rights of man in a state of nature." For, as he continued, "it seems to me that personal Liberty, and rights can only be acquired by becoming a member of a Community, which gives the protection of the *whole* to every *individual*." Men gather into commonwealths "to secure their persons and property from violence. From hence I conclude Liberty and rights (and also property) must spring out of Civil Society, and must be forever subject to the modification of particular governments. I hold this position clear and safe, that all the rights of man can be derived only from the conventions of society; and may with propriety be called social rights."

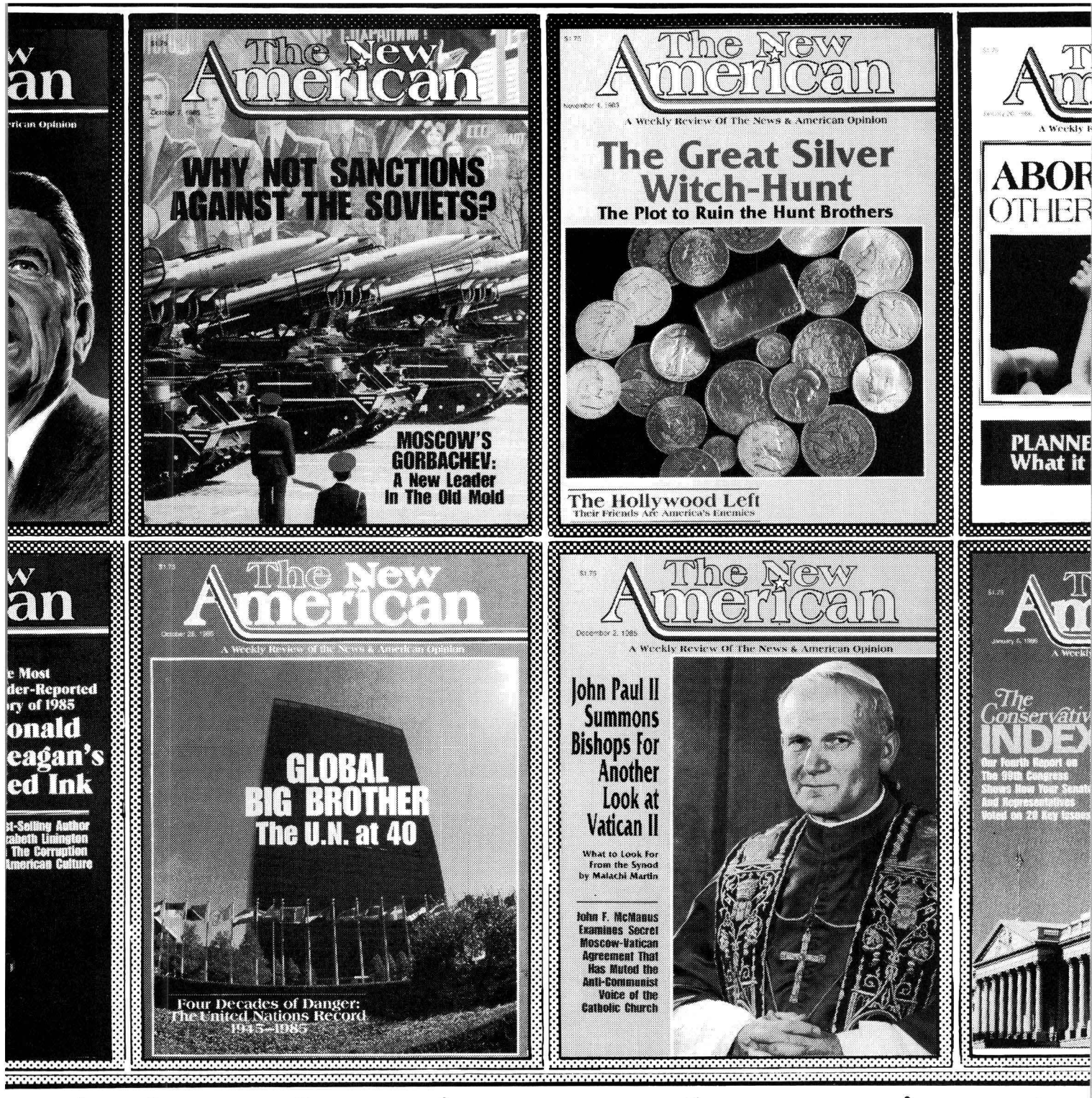
Chase denounced as fanciful and pernicious what he saw of the popular theory that men, in a state of society were "entitled to exercise" all the rights they allegedly possessed in a state of nature. For, among other things, that theory led to perpetual revolution and frequent libel. Democracy, he predicted, would "rapidly destroy all protection to property and all security to personal liberty and our Republican Constitution will sink into mobocracy, the worst of all possible governments," if persons with no stake in society were allowed to vote and the spirit of envy was thus fostered among the people. "The modern doctrines by our late reformers, that all men in a state of society are entitled to enjoy equal liberty and equal rights, have brought this mighty mischief upon us, and I fear that it will rapidly destroy progress, until peace and order, freedom and property shall be destroyed."

On May 2, 1803, Justice Chase charged a United States grand jury meeting with the Federal circuit court in Baltimore, attacking universal manhood suffrage and the repeal by President Jefferson's Democratic/Republican Congress of the Judiciary Act of 1801. On January 6, 1804, the House of Representatives named a committee to inquire into Chase's judicial conduct and determine whether it required "the interposition of the constitutional power of the House." This committee decided for impeachment. On March 12, 1804, by a vote of 73 to 32 the House supported its report and, on the basis of seven charges, ordered that another committee draw up Articles of Impeachment for formal presentation before the United States Senate. Eight Articles were presented to the next session of the House the following November 30, and were presented to the Senate on December 7. Chase was brought to trial there, after some legal delay, on February 4, 1805.

Historians of the United States Supreme Court attach great importance to the impeachment trial and ultimate vindication of Justice Chase. For if Chase was sometimes an interested, partisan figure while on the bench, the attempt to remove him from office was even more political than the worst of his indiscretions. Furthermore, it was a threat to the future of judicial independence within the American political system. Had the impeachment of Chase been a success, the impeachments of William Paterson and John Marshall would have followed swiftly, with dire consequences in the future prospects of justice before *any* of our Federal courts at *any* subsequent date. John Randolph of Roanoke, William Branch Giles and company had had enough of Federalist judicial activism and, in their leadership of the Congress, were not worrying about the separation of powers. For reasons connected with these facts and possibilities a variety of honorable men--Federalists and Jeffersonians--refused to vote for conviction...

In the moment when a generation of Americans decided they should not remove an officer of government merely because they disliked his opinions, Samuel Chase stands at the center of the national stage. However, the impeachment trial of 1805 was not only the most important chapter in his political history, it was also the last. Although he lived for another six years, held his seat on the Court, attended the councils of his church, prospered and advised younger members of the bar on their education, this portion of the career of Samuel Chase almost disappears from the record. Much of this time he was beset by gout and the problems of his children. But when in better health he advised Chief Justice Marshall on the definition of treason and functioned behind the scenes in deciding other cases, even though Marshall handed down the opinions. He also received many visitors, who wished to sift his memory concerning the origins of state and nation. In private and public he continued as he had begun--a puzzle to many of his contemporaries, but consistent at the core. Judge Joseph Story, who was to follow him to the High Court, went to see Chase in Baltimore in 1807 and "liked him hugely." He saw in Chase an American version of Dr. Samuel Johnson. The crusty exterior, he penetrated to find the warmth, good humor and intellectual power. Samuel Chase accepted death with composure, armed with the consolations of a firm religious faith in which he had continued throughout his days. We are, in our perception of his achievement, too much diverted by the colorful elements of his personality as the Maryland Vesuvius--what John Quincy Adams spoke of as a "strong mind" joined to "ardent passions" and a "domineering temper"--to pay proper attention to the quality of his thought. For his was a mind to which we must devote close analysis if we are to correct the stereotypes of fashionable interpretation.☆

M.E. Bradford, distinguished political philosopher and professor at the University of Dallas, is no stranger to our readers.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"This is my trophy," said the Union commander, pointing to the flag. "And you are mine," replied the Virginian, as he fired his gun full into the chest of Colonel Ellsworth, who fell and instantly died from the wound, the first of half a million casualties.

Virginia's Fort Worth

by David Williams

Only a ghostly memory remains today of a Yankee Fort Worth erected in Alexandria to protect the Union Capital from the good people of Virginia.

Mention Fort Worth and most people think of a city in Texas, founded in 1849 on the banks of the Trinity River to protect buffalo hunters from Indian warriers. The Texas fort was named after Maj. Gen. William J. Worth, Mexican War hero, who died of cholera at 55 in San Antonio one day after the founding of Fort Worth. In 1853, the barracks were vacated and the Kentucky and Tennessee settlers who had been moving into the area since its founding set about building the city that would eventually be known as the place "where the West Begins," "Panther City," "Queen City of the Plains," and its most well-known label "Cow Town." The city grew to become the cattle, grain, and manufacturing capital of West Texas. Today it is a center of agriculture and industry and the fourth largest city in Texas after Houston, Dallas, and San Antonio. However, there is another Fort Worth (or there *was* another Fort Worth) in Alexandria, Virginia.

The story behind this namesake off the Potomac begins one hundred and twenty-five years ago at the outbreak of the War Between The States. On April 17, 1861, a Virginia convention adopted an ordinance of secession from the Union, and one month later it was ratified by popular referendum. Washington was hemmed in by rebel Virginia to its south, and a pro-Southern Maryland to its north and east. On April 19th Yankee volunteers on their way from Massachusetts to Washington (through Baltimore) were attacked by Baltimore citizens and delayed for two weeks.

In July of that year, the Union suffered a major defeat by the South in the First Battle of Manassas. So massive was the defeat and the rout that trains in Washington were put under armed guard to keep off

panic-stricken Yankee soldiers who struggled to get on northern-bound trains.

The North could not afford another defeat, plus it had to prevent the Confederates from invading Washington. The Federals decided to encircle the city with forts. Sixty-eight forts with over 900 guns and mortars were built by the Engineer Corps on a 37-mile perimeter. By late summer of 1861, there were 100,000 Yankee soldiers in Union held north-east Virginia or about three soldiers for every one civilian.

The forts in Virginia were especially important because, even though the Union occupied Arlington and Alexandria just south of the Potomac from Washington, both of these communities were hot-beds of confederate sympathy. In fact, the first casualty of the War occurred in Alexandria. Federal troops first invaded Virginia on the 24th of May. As they moved in the gray of the morning through the streets of Alexandria, one of Mr. Lincoln's favorite young officers Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth of Chicago, with his Fire Zouaves troops from New York spied the Stars and Bars floating from the top of a hotel called the Marshall House. As Ellsworth pulled down the flag (he was determined to secure it as his prize) he was met by the proprietor of the hotel, a Mr. Jackson who was dressed in his shirt-sleeves with a double-barrel gun in his hands. "This is my trophy," said the Union commander, pointing to the flag. "And you are mine," replied the Virginian, as he fired his gun full into the chest of Colonel Ellsworth, who fell and instantly died from the wound, the first of half a million casualties.

But back to the story of the forts: Mr. John Barnard, an engineer, was in charge of constructing the forts. Two companion forts were built in Alexandria. The first one, Fort Ward, was the 5th largest of all 68 forts encircling Washington. The second was 463 yards in perimeter, half the size of Fort Ward. It was built in September, 1861, and named Fort Worth on the 30th of that month after William Jenkins Worth a native of Hudson, New York, hero of the War of 1812 and of the Mexican War, the same General that Fort Worth, Texas is named after.

It was built of earth and revetted logs because it was not meant to be permanent. Located at a major intersection, Fort Worth guarded the approach to the City of Alexandria along the Little River Turnpike from the hamlet of Annandale and it also covered the Orange and Alexandria Railroad line. The fort was too high to command the Little River Tpke, but it overlooked the Hunting Creek (which was east and west), thereby guarding against Confederate invasions either by water or by rail.

Fort Worth was heavily armed. Its major gun was a 100-pounder Parrott rifle which threw a 100-lb. shot at least five miles (two miles with accuracy). Other artillery in the fort included smooth bore howitzers, both 24 and 12 pounders. The rifled guns were the 4.5-inch Rodmans, a 20-pounder Parrott, and a 12-pounder Whitworth, and the mortars included 4 = 10 inch siege guns and 2 - 24 pounder Coehora mortars.

The full compliment of soldiers at Fort Ward was 1200 men, but it was approximately half that at Fort Worth consisting of 630 men which included 3 reliefs of gunners and also infantry to man the walls between the guns. Stationed at Fort Worth were the 2nd New York Light Artillery, the 1st Massachusetts Infantry, and the 3rd New York Artillery. In spite of this manpower and heavy armament, the soldiers were warned not to venture outside the gates after dark because local Rebels took great delight in shooting Yankees. Even during the daytime, soldiers were given strict orders not to venture out unless they were accompanied by others.

After the war, plans were made to retain 23 out of the original 68 forts. Fourteen north of the Potomac in the District and Maryland, and nine south of the river in Virginia. Fort Worth was one of those.

Very little information survives to tell the story of what occurred to Virginia's Fort Worth in the intervening years, but time took its toll. Since Fort Worth was a Union fort, it was hated by the local Southern population. Therefore, there was little motivation to preserve it. Souvenir hunters picked it clean and we must remember that since it was not constructed to be a permanent installation, being made out of earth and wood, nature joined in on its destruction. By the late 1960's little was left of the fort and in November, 1969, its final remains were removed. The area was bulldozed and developments were built on it. Ironically, the development has had problems with its foundations falling away because of the marine clay in the ground.

The only reminders left today hinting of the old forts existence are streets named Fort Worth Avenue, and Fort Worth Place.

And so ends the tale of the two Fort Worths, the one a thriving city on the Texas Plains, and the other a distinct memory of a desperate effort by Yankees in Alexandria to protect Mr. Lincoln's government from the armies of Robert E. Lee.☆

David Williams is a public affairs consultant and writer from Fort Worth, Texas, currently residing in Arlington, Virginia.

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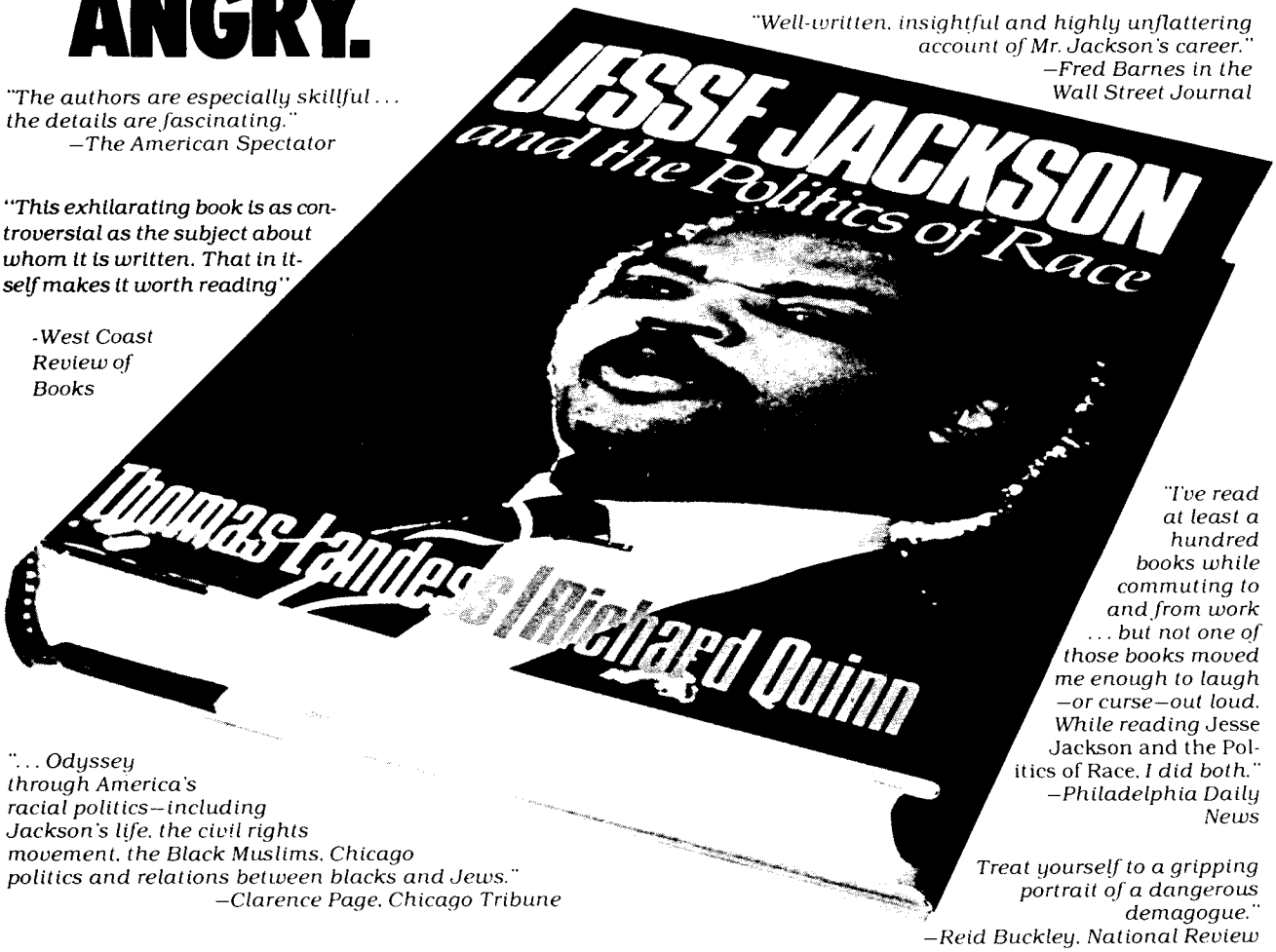

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The Bone

The recent controversy and suit in Tennessee over textbooks used in public school curricula remind us once again that the debate over evolution still rages and gives little sign of abating. The news media have derisively labelled the case "Scopes II". Barely beneath the surface, however, visibly underlying the question of a parent's control over what his child is taught, is the issue of just how mankind fits into the universe. Are we truly "sons of God", created in His own image, and born "to love and serve Him", as the old catechism says? Are we simply higher animals, evolved by chance mutations through a mechanistic material selection?

For the last few decades what we might call "informed opinion" has held some form of this latter view. Perhaps only in the South and among more conservative Christians has it met serious popular opposition. New doubts about evolution and the growth of Creation Science have re-opened the debate. A recent volume by behavioral scientist William R. Fix, published by a leading American publisher and hopefully distributed widely, may do much to fuel what should be a full-fledged re-examination of evolutionary postulates.

In his excellent introduction Fix describes how he came to write *The Bone Peddlers: Selling Evolution.* In 1981 he heard news anchor Dan Rather relate that President Reagan had "a great many questions about evolutionary theory", asserting that the theory "is not believed in the scientific community to be as infallible as it once was." The response from the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to the effect that the some 100 million fossils in world museums "prove evolution beyond any doubt whatsoever", troubled Fix. His subsequent investigation and research have produced a book which is both refreshing in its candor and provocative in its conclusions.

Roughly the first half of *The Bone Peddlers* is devoted to the present state of evolutionary research into man's origins. A careful reading of the most recent paleontological "finds" brings him to the conclusion, inexorably, that most if not all the fossil remains discovered, the "missing links" proposed by various scientists, are indeed NOT the ancestors of modern man. As he states early on, "there are many claims that at least some evidence connecting man with simian forebears has been found. But to a very considerable extent, this evidence is merely in the eye of the beholder and, seen in another perspective, is not nearly as persuasive or clear as many people imagine". (p.4)

As a trained scientist himself Fix examines the criteria employed in paleontology: morphology, bipedalism, tools, fire, dating processes and context. In each instance the candidates for "missing link" status fail to qualify using the criteria established by science itself. Farfetched claims have been extrapolated from the barest evidence. "Possibly the most singular such case", Fix asserts, "involved a creature that had been named Hesperopithecus by the discoverers of a solitary molar tooth found in Nebraska in 1922. The tooth, these experts decided, was close enough to man's to signal the presence of one of the legendary missing links. As usual, scientists and artists conspired to reconstruct the full creature, and portraits of the new species, male and female, brutish and slope-browed, were published in the *Illustrated London News*. With this favorable publicity heightening its significance, Hesperopithecus' tooth was introduced as evolutionary evidence in the Scopes 'monkey trial' in Dayton, Tennessee, in 1925. But Hesperopithecus' career as a missing link was short-lived. In 1927 other parts of his skeleton were uncovered, a discovery paleoanthropologists are reluctant to celebrate: the molar had come from an extinct pig." (p.11)

On occasion outright fraud has been attempted to "prove" an ancestor for man. The most notorious was the Piltdown Man, "discovered" in 1912 by Charles Dawson and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, in County Kent, England. Piltdown quickly became a conerstone of the "proof" for evolution. In 1953 newer dating techniques and other analyses showed that the Piltdown Man was a hoax (much to the embarrassment of Teilhard de Chardin, then becoming famous for his philosophical works).

Such fossil discoveries as Ramapithecus and Zinjanthropus, although touted as missing links twenty years ago, now appear disqualified by subsequent investigation. Ramapithecus, for example was found to be a

Peddlers

by Dr. Boyd Cathey

type of orangutan. In fact, the evidence points in an opposite direction. "There is simply no easy, graceful, or satisfying way round it," Fix adds. "The geological record did not support macroevolution in Darwin's time and it does not do so today." (p.169) Aside from minute variations or mutations within species, "larger transformations, from one family, order, class or phylum to another are simply non-existent." (p.168)

Darwin's optimism about explaining the origin of the species was rooted in a misconception as to their mutability. Through natural selection he believed there was no limit to how much plants and animals could vary. Today, while few of his followers mention this, natural selection of chance variations continues to underline neo-Darwinian theory and maintains a virtual stranglehold on biology texts, college science departments, and the news media. When confronted with the mounting data *against* this view, its exponents fall back to what Fix calls "the best-in-the-field fallacy," that is, despite the extreme improbability of such transformations, it is still "the-best-in-the-field."

As Fix shows convincingly, modern physics and mathematics have done much to undermine this mechanistic base of evolution. Quoting Gertrude Himmelfarb and an impressive body of research, he illustrates the problem. The chance that man could have evolved from a chimpanzee is roughly the same as, say, the probability that a monkey provided with a typewriter would by chance peck out the complete works of Shakespeare. Jean S. Morton has written that the odds against producing the 25,000 enzymes in the human body by chance is one in $10^{2,825,000}$; and scientists rule out as "impossible" any event having less than one chance in 10^{50} of occurring. The work of diverse physicists and mathematicians such as Georges Salet (who demolished the arguments of Jacques Monod) and Wolfgang Strobe (a pupil and translator of Werner Heisenberg) only confirms these observations.

So much, then, for Carl Sagan and his bestseller, *Cosmos*, when he says that one of the secrets of evolution is time, "time for a long succession of small mutations that were *by accident* adaptive, time for the slow accumulation of patterns of favorable mutations." (quoted, p. xxiii) Sagan implies that man and the universe are the result of billions of accidents over billions of years. But to quote Fix: "Engineers, physicists, astronomers, and biologists who have looked without prejudice at the notion of such variations producing ever more complex organisms have come to the same conclusion: the evolutionists are assuming the impossible." (p. 196)

The weakest section of *The Bone Peddlers* is Fix's attempt in the last several chapters to propose an alternative to neo-Darwinism. He is not, strictly speaking, a "creationist", nor does he proceed from a Biblical base in his critique of evolution. In many ways that gives *The Bone Peddlers* special value, making it seem more "objective". Nevertheless, after methodically dismantling the claims of the evolutionists who have to a great extent turned evolution into almost religious dogma, and criticizing what he sees as "the lack of breadth and vision" in much of present-day creationism, Fix himself searches for an explanation of man's origins. Using Robert Broom's *The Coming of Man: Was It Accident or Design?* as a point of departure, he developes the broad outlines of a theory of psychogenesis -- the proposition that a preexistent mind or spiritual force intervenes in the embryonic development of certain hominoid forms. Fix admits the idea has its drawbacks; he is simply speculating.

The value of *The Bone Peddlers* however is not in its author's personal interest in psychogenesis. Rather, William Fix has given, in a manner accessible to a more general audience, a well-written and revealing view of the present state of investigations into the origins of life as we know it. That his findings point us back to a religious or spiritual explanation for our existence is reason enough to thank him. ☆

Senior Editor Boyd Cathey resides in North Carolina.

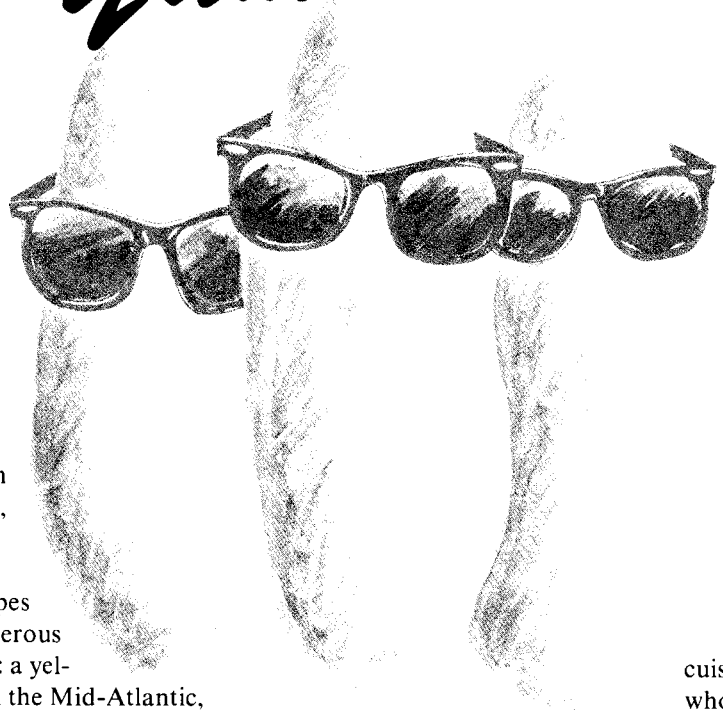
CRITICUS
LIVING SOUTHERN

Southerners call them YAMS (incorrectly, we are now told) and we usually cover them with brown sugar, pecans and marshmallows. Delicious. But there are less caloric ways to enjoy these distinguished roots, which grow better in the South than anywhere.

The Versatile Sweet Potato

by Anne Tyler Norman

A Yam Session



Sitting forlorn and sometimes forgotten alongside the baking potato at the store is the sweet potato. Wearing a dark brown bumpy jacket, *Ipomoea batatas* usually only appears at holiday time in an overly-sweet casserole or baked with meringue in a 9-inch pie shell. Given the chance, sweet potatoes can show much more versatility.

There are two major types of sweet potato with numerous varieties in each category: a yellow, dry version grown in the Mid-Atlantic, North and West that I've never seen before; and the plump, moist, orange one grown all over the South that my grandmother used to candy. My gardening encyclopedia also mentions a white one.

Inconsequential as that unscrubbed, knotty potato may look, there is some controversy over both its name and origin. Throughout the U.S. people interchange the words sweet potato and yam just like they interchange the word bullhead and catfish. Not that I plan to correct anyone in conversation, but this is inaccurate. In truth a yam (*Dioscorea sp.*) is in a different root crop family than a sweet potato. They were either first cultivated in China or Africa—documented yam history is scant—and they rarely grow in the U.S. True yams can weigh as much as 100 pounds which no self-respecting sweet potato would ever do. Northerners tend to say sweet potato; Southerners tend to say yam; both are talking about the same vegetable.

The true tale of the sweet potato is a murky one that meanders all over the globe. What's definite is that they were first grown somewhere in the tropics, although horticulturists can't pinpoint if they first appeared in Tropical America or the South Pacific. The Mayans cultivated sweet potatoes and so did the Peruvians. Early island cultures in the Pacific used them in celebrations. Sweet potatoes also appear in early West Indian cuisine. The answer as to who cultivated what first and then transported it to the opposite side of the world remains an enigma.

Columbus in 1493 was so delighted with the sweet potatoes he found in the West Indies, he took them home to Ferdinand and Isabella. (A Genoan by birth, he also taught these two Spaniards how to eat pasta.) Sweet potatoes, being tropical and very sensitive to frost, took to the Spanish sun; they were grown there so widely they became known as Spanish potatoes. For the next three or four hundred years in parts of Europe the sweet potato was more commonly eaten than the white. This was more for reasons of distrust than availability.

The French adopted this nutty-flavored tuber quickly, but not because of taste or nutrition. The French—who shall we say have always had unique views on diet and health—feared the white potato. Common belief in France was that white potatoes caused enfeeblement, even leprosy. Their cultivation was banned in some regions because of the medical risk they imposed. Mean-

while, the French welcomed the sweet potato with wooden spoons and bowls to their hearths.

The sweet potato even received courtly favor. Josephine Bonaparte, who was a Creole anyway so she knew of this tuber's merits, began raising them at her and her Emperor's love nest Malmaison. In Napoleon's era sweet potato dishes became trendy, and many an *au courant* courtesan served them at an intimate dinner in hopes of sparking a lover's fiery passion.

This rumor of a sweet potato's aphrodisiac qualities could have started during Shakespeare's time. *Ipomoea batatas* was less popular than the white potato (the Brits not fearing enfeeblement or Hansen's), but during the Elizabethan era, crystalized slices of sweet potatoes were sold at stalls as a yummy aphrodisiac snack. Even in food history, rest assured that the English and French have always been opposites. One country's scourge is another country's toast.

In the U.S. sweet potatoes appeared as early as 1648 in Virginia, probably having been cultivated from West Indian roots. As slaves arrived, they mistook the sweet potato for the *nyami* they had in Africa, hence explaining the derivitive of the word yam in the South. Over the years sweet potatoes, which are related to morning glories, became a major Southern crop since they thrived in our warm climate.

In between his work with soy beans, peanuts, and cotton waste products, George Washington Carver was the first to popularize this vegetable's nutritional and crop value. Now the sweet potato is a part of many a Southern meal as well as a tradition at Thanksgiving and Christmas time.

After centuries of cultivation sweet potatoes are baked, boiled, brandied, candied, casseroled, flamed, fried, mashed, soufleed, stuffed, pie-ed, poned, and puffed. Unfortunately, many people only eat them on holidays. Sweet potatoes are eaten at Thanksgiving like fruitcake is eaten at Christmas. Curious food for thought.

Dieters have a tendency to scorn the sweet potato in the same manner they scorn the white potato. The quintessential vision of the baked potato is a steaming brown jacket full of butter, sour cream and chives. For the sweet potato it's a bubbling dark orange casserole veiled in butter, brown sugar, and nuts. This association is unfair and be so informed, the sweet potato, like the white, has been given a bad, fattening rap. Sweet potatoes are assuredly nutritious if you leave off all those sugary accoutrements. The average boiled five-inch potato has half the daily requirements of Vitamin C and more than twice the Vitamin A needed. While being only 170 calories, this tuber provides protein, calcium, phosphorous, iron, thiamin, niacin, and riboflavin. (A Snickers bar could hardly make the same claim.) The nutritional value of sweet potatoes is lauded by health gurus Dr. Robert Haas and the late Adelle Davis—although Mrs. Davis insisted you eat the skin.

Be selective when shopping for sweet potatoes. Always choose from loose ones so you can weed out the infirmed and look for potatoes that are smooth-skinned with no bruises or discoloration. When washing, scrub the potatoes gently. They bruise easily. If you do bruise one, quickly cut out the spot or the rest of the potato will turn the color of an inner tube. One vegetable manual counsels its readers to handle their sweet potatoes as carefully as eggs.

Best storage for sweet potatoes is either loose or in a perforated plastic bag in temperatures running about 50 degrees. A cool cranny is the best; refrigeration assures something black and inedible. Potatoes kept at room temperature will last a week and at least a few months if kept in cooler corners.

Recipes for sweet potatoes range from plain boiled to rum-doused imperialed. Sweet potatoes can be cooked and dressed like white potatoes in most respects, but because of their slightly pungent flavor, they marry especially well with liquors like rum, bourbon, sherry, and brandy and fruits like apples, pineapples, peaches, and apricots.

There is a vast array of desserts and sweet breads in any cookbook index, but no sweet potato dish necessarily has to be sugary. Be adventurous and reach for anise, coriander, cumin, and rosemary rather than old standbys like allspice, cinnamon, and cloves. And save that bag of marshmallows sitting on your pantry shelf for the campfire. Sweet potatoes lend themselves to bacon, ham, sausage, mustard, onion, almonds, and cheese. Experimenting with a non-sweet dish will only lead to a pleasant surprise.

In terms of taste, the Idaho potato may seem dull once compared. A moist, cooked sweet potato tastes like someone put a heaping teaspoon of allspice inside then added a little cream and mixed. All that natural sugar lends zest to any dish.

For cooking, count on one pound being enough for three to four servings. While boiling or mashing, it never hurts to add a little cold lemon juice to avoid blackening. Once cooked, sweet potatoes will keep for about five days in the refrigerator. They reheat well and make good leftovers—especially for pancakes, purees, and soups.

If you've raised a bumper crop or have cooked a surplus, sweet potatoes freeze well. Store them in airtight containers with lids, leaving a half inch at the top for expansion. Frozen this way they'll keep for almost a year.

For those with a gardening flair, adding sweet potatoes to the backyard farm is a good idea. Horticulturists consider them buried treasure because one has to wait out a long harvest before seeing the results.

For harvesting sweet potatoes all you need is a little patience and a hoe. Crops succeed best in the South (North Carolina is sweet potato Eden), but grow as far north as Canada and in parts of the Pacific Northwest.

Much research has been done on cultivation and variety. Due to new high-yielding types and vegetables being raised under soil-warming black plastic, our brethren in colder climes are having as much success with sweet potatoes as we are. There are many fancy sounding varieties (Don't Nemagold and Porto Rico sound exotic?), yet most manuals suggest Jewel or Georgia Jet as being the most dependable. Your choice should not only depend on what sort suits your climate, but also your gardening experience, soil, and preferred taste in potato.

As long as you live in an area that has four to five months of frost-free weather, growing *Ipomoea Batatas* is for you. Steady hot weather and a well-drained, crumbly soil are *de rigueur* and so is space. Sweet potatoes are grown from transplants which you buy at nurseries or raise yourself by placing some potatoes in a shallow pan of water in a jar on your kitchen window ledge until they sprout. Remember all those six-grade projects? A trip to the library and your county extension office will answer all your questions about ph factor and fertilizer and assuage your fears of fusarium wilt and scurf.

Don't set out to raise sweet potatoes if you're in a hurry. They take up to 120 days to mature (or less if you're cultivating with black plastic). Most people begin farming in April and harvest when almost half the potatoes are about 3 ½ inches or longer; potato size totally depends on a gardener's tastes. When it comes time to harvest, you'll need a surgeon's touch. Sweet potatoes, as aforementioned, are fragile so you need to extract them with care. They don't bash around as well as Idahoes. Dig the potatoes out and place them in a ventilated crate of some sort.

Unfortunately, the lovely buried treasures you upturned in your garden that afternoon won't be steaming on a table's platter that night. Sweet potatoes need to be cured. Curing, sort of a vegetable's nursing period, helps heal any wounds and improves flavor. To cure potatoes all you have to do is place them in your home's warmest room for two weeks. Although potatoes are best cured at 85 degrees, there is no need to place them in the sun or an electric blanket; the kitchen will suffice. After the curing period store the potatoes in a cool place and start leafing through your cookbooks for unique recipes. Stored potatoes shouldn't be moved around and if kept properly, will last a few months. Only refrigerate if you enjoy poor flavor, lumps, and rot.

The good news is that sweet potatoes will probably grow well for you even if you make a few glitches. Gardening manuals suggest you try a few varieties at the same time for experiment's sake. Even if your yard is miniscule there are several vineless types that only need a foot per plant. If, ho-hum, the soil grubs or pox or black rot defeat you, try, try again. You'll succeed. The sweet potato is a delicious, healthy addition to any garden or diet. If they were good enough for Napoleon and Josephine, they're certainly good enough for us.

Try these delicious recipies

Sausage and Sweet Potato Soup

½ lb. regular Italian sausage
2 cups leeks, sliced
1 cup celery, chopped
2 cups sweet potatoes, peeled and chopped
1 tablespoon herbes de provence
¼ teaspoon basil
salt and pepper to taste
4 cups water
¾ cup sweet red peppers, chopped
1 ½ teaspoons butter
1 ½ teaspoons flour
grated cheddar cheese

Brown sausage in a large pan. Remove and slice. Sauté leeks, celery, and sweet potatoes in sausage drippings for 5 minutes. Add seasonings and water. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Meanwhile, melt 1 ½ teaspoons of butter slowly in a large pot to prepare a roux. Add 1 ½ teaspoons flour to melted butter slowly and stir constantly with a wire whisk.

Add sweet peppers and cooked sausage to the vegetables. Let everything simmer for 8 minutes if you like *al dente* vegetables and 10 minutes if you prefer softer. Pour cooked soup over flour mixture quickly, stirring the whole time.

Serve with grated cheddar cheese on top. Makes 4 servings. (If you find the soup too oily for your tastes, remove some of the grease with a baster or by laying a paper towel across the top for absorption.)

Spicy Sweet Potato Chips

3-4 sweet potatoes, peeled
cold water
vegetable oil for frying
½ teaspoon cumin
½ teaspoon cayenne
½ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon salt

Slice potatoes into slices about a tenth of an inch thick. Soak them for 3 hours in the refrigerator.

Preheat oven to 300 degrees and heat frying oil. A good test for deep fat is to throw a bit of bread in the oil and if it browns in a minute, temperature is suitable.

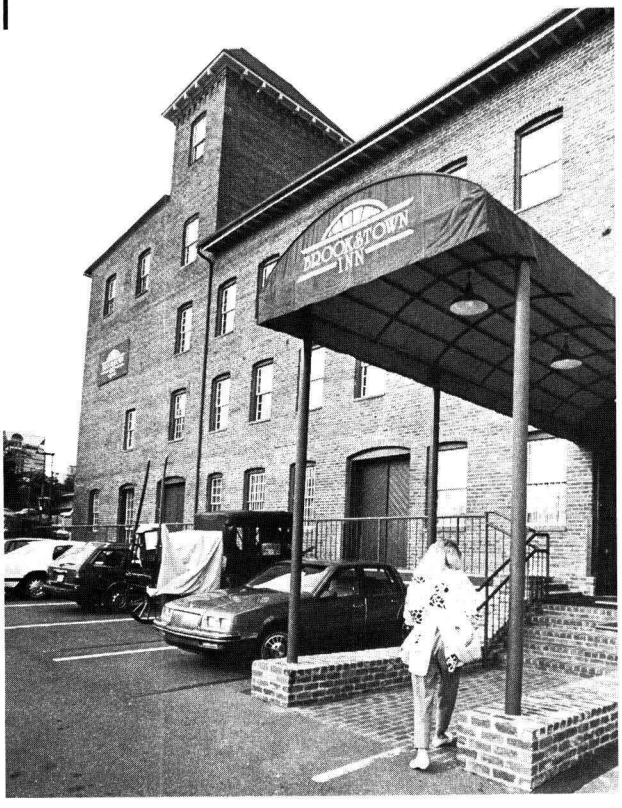
Mix spices together in bowl. Drain potato slices and pat them completely dry.

Fry chips a deep golden until crisp, being careful not to overbrown. Sprinkle with spices and drain. While frying, keep the cooked ones on a covered baking sheet in the oven. Best when eaten immediately. Serves 3-4. ☆

Anne Tyler Norman, an authority on Southern cooks and cooking, is a regular contributor to the *Southern Partisan*

The Inn At Old Salem

by Hunter James



Brookstown Inn, Winston Salem, N.C.

Photography by Sid Bost

The elegant Brookstown Inn in Winston-Salem is wrapped in 150 years of history, unique to Old Salem but woven into the fabric of the South.

Less than a decade ago the four-story brick building that houses fashionable Brookstown Inn (a bed and breakfast hostelry near downtown Winston-Salem, North Carolina, seemed ready for the bulldozer. Today the 150 year old structure stands as a proud reminder that preservationists and the purveyors of New South "progress" based on the Yankee model can sometimes speak the same language.

Like Winston-Salem itself, a tobacco town steeped in both industrial wealth and antique tradition, Brookstown Inn is a place where the centuries mingle as intimately as the guests who sip wine and sample imported cheeses each afternoon beneath its exposed drainpipes and hand-hewn oak timbers.

Built in two phases, the older 1836 section, now occupied by the Inn, was originally home to the Salem Cotton Company, one of the first Southern textile mills and therefore an institution of considerable importance historically.

A visitor to Old Salem, the restored 18th century Moravian congregation town that stands just to the east of the Brookstown Inn, may find it odd that the churchly folk who built this mill were as renowned for their commercial successes as for their pious deeds. Yet it was so. And the mill itself represented a significant transitional phase in the life of the town. Up until the second quarter of the 19th century the German-speaking Moravian community had been known chiefly for its deft artisans and Medieval-style craft guilds. But with the construction of the Salem Cotton Company it set out bravely, if a bit naively, to embrace the precepts of modern industrial society. For that reason the building now known as Brookstown Inn, together with its 1880 addition, tells us a great deal not only about the fate of one mill in one lonely backwoods village but also about the larger South's first tentative gropings toward economic self-sufficiency.

But it might easily have been otherwise. Now listed on the National Registry of Historic Places, the building had served for almost half a century as a storage warehouse and had been scheduled for the wrecking ball when, toward the end of the 1970's, Old Salem restorationists developed a new interest in its origins. From a study of its brickwork patterns and

other distinctive architectural features they concluded that this was indeed the structure previously known to them only from references in old documents.

Those documents were the real key. As with all of Moravian history, the story of Salem's experiment with the manufacture of textiles has been preserved in great detail in the church's archival records. The building, meantime, tells its own story, largely owing to a decision by restorationists to leave much of the interior in a semi-unfinished state -- a decision not immediately applauded by everyone.

Says Pat Bryan, who manages the inn for Turnpike Properties, Inc., a private investment group, and acts as gracious hostess each afternoon as her guests file in for wine-and-cheese tasting: "When we first opened, some of the people who conduct guided tours for Old Salem came over and said, 'We don't understand. The rooms don't look like they're complete. You mean, you're going to leave all those pipes showing? All those bricks and everything?' "

The inn's eclectic decor has some of the same bewitching eccentricity. Here one can find stylistic elements dating all the way from the late Victorian era back to early Jacobean times. Spread about the knotty pine floors are intricately patterned carpets imported from Romania, and on the four-poster beds in each of the guestrooms are quilts woven by Appalachian craft guilds. In the dining room, which seats 34 for breakfast, an English refectory table guards a fireplace arched in the Moravian Germanic style. In the parlor, beside a fireplace similarly constructed, stands a leather English folding screen. One wall, paneled in the Georgian manner, was stylistically out of date almost a hundred years before the mill was built.

But these are mere quibbles of the decorative arts purist, not for the inveterate traveler grown weary from too many nights spent in motels that somehow look all the same. None of Brookstown's 54 rooms are alike; yet all boast some of the same rustic elegance: exposed brick walls, for example, and original loft ceilings that soar to more than 20 feet in height. But king-sized baths and in-room whirlpools are also available. So is cable television (the wires hidden in Colonial-style armoires) and a breakfast menu both varied and often unique.

"When they serve strawberries and cream the cream is *real* cream," says Stephen Phillips, a Richmond, Virginia, pharmaceutical salesman and Brookstown regular. "The rolls are hot and the coffe fresh. And the jellies are real gourmet preserves, not just something else out of another Kraft jelly jar."

Such Sybaritic delights would have scandalized the austere Brotherhood that built the Salem Cotton Company. "Factory Hill," as the Moravians called it, was almost as much of a monument to the Lord as their church. In one, a man could honor the Almighty with his hymns and prayers, in the other with the work of his hands.

Not that prayers were neglected even in the mill. Almost the first business of the church fathers after they launched their enterprise was to establish a Sunday school for the workers. Their next was to clear ground for a graveyard -- two graveyards, one for the white millhands, the other for slaves. Unquestionably, the life of the antebellum millworker, like that of his late 19th century counterpart, was a dreary and tedious business, often relieved by nothing more than an early death.

Even now one can sense all that, as he wanders the halls with a good Zinfandel in hand. On the fourth floor, which served as a dormitory for the female workers, an 1843 "graffiti wall," enclosed in protective glass, tells part of the story. Among the many faded scrawlings, one example is conspicuous: "When I am (gone) from this place and numbered with the dead Remember Caroline Lumly that you seen my face when thease (sic) fine lines are read."

The writer, identified as Catherine Luml(e)y in the Records of the Moravians, died that same year, at 23, after a bout with the measles. Had she known of her fate even as she wrote?

It is piling irony on top of irony to note that the worthy Brethren, whose society was founded on communistic principles, were also among the nation's first capitalists. Yet the Salem Cotton Company was certainly a capitalistic enterprise in the truest sense of the word, the only difference being that the church and her sister institutions controlled most of the stock.

Unfortunately, however, their long commercial experience didn't count for much when it came to the manufacture and marketing of finished textile goods. Whether New Englands's dominant position in the Southern textile market of that day is the whole explanation for their failure is far from clear. Yet fail they did -- miserably. They had originally envisioned profits of up to 20 percent a year. But they never even came close to that. In fact, the only dividend ever proposed was voted down by the board of directors.

The Mexican War brought new woes in the form of uncollectable debts, and by the late 1840's the **Aufseher Collegium,** the governing board of the town, was ready to rid itself of the property on almost any terms. The Brethren eventually sold it, in 1854, to John Motley Morehead, a former North Carolina governor, for some $10,000, about half the amount they had turned down just four years earlier.

The coming of the War Between the States and a brisk demand forConfederate Gray finally put the mill on a sound financial footing -- but only after it had undergone another change of ownership. In 1863 it passed into the hands of F & H Fries Manufacturing Co., which had built a considerable reputation local-

ly with its popular Salem Jeans. "They will finally wear smooth, but will never wear out." Such was the merchandising slogan of a product that had been used to clothe slaves before the war and, in a more refined state, to make uniforms for Confederate soldiers, including members of two units formed in pacifist-minded Salem.

Francis Levin Fries, the family patriarch, died that same year. But he had been -- and in a way would continue to be -- the guiding spirit of the enterprise. He had grown up as a devout Moravian and had served as superintendent of the Salem Cotton Company, its first, before differences with the firm's notoriously irascible board chairman, F.H. Schumann, prompted him to strike out on his own.

Fries set himself up initially as a manufacturer of woolen goods, succeeding so well that he soon expanded into cottons. Despite marketing disadvantages that were the lot of any early Southern industrialist Fries was well on his way to becoming a wealthy man at the very time his old bosses were stumbling into bankruptcy.

But how had he managed to prosper where others had failed? Fries, an aggressive manager and consummate master of detail, also had one other great asset: slave labor. His use of slaves in his mill at all levels brought much grief to members of the *Collegium* , not because they were bedeviled by questions of morality -- the Moravians had owned slaves since before the Revolution -- but only because the practice seemingly ran contrary to the "orders of the community." In other words, by allowing his slaves to become proficient in the mechanical arts, Fries appeared to be creating a class of tradesmen who would begin to compete with the Moravian young for needed jobs.

The *Collegium,* which maintained a tight supervision over the Salem economy until the eve of War between the States -- another reason perhaps that its early foray into the world of venture capital got nowhere -- was forever at odds with Fries over this question. But Fries was an artful persuader, eventually convincing the dubious overseers that he was by no means turning his slaves into skilled tradesmen; rather, as the keeper of the *Collegium* minutes states, they were to be thought of as mere "laborers at the machines."

This was a genial piece of sophistry that probably fooled no one. For as one of his sons, Francis Henry, was later to say, long after emancipation: "Many of these slaves were highly trained and key men, and all their places had to be filled when they left."

Fries had originally acquired many of the slaves on loan from his father. But he soon tired of the old man's complaints that they were being worked too hard, and sent them back home to labor under a more lenient hand. "Or rather," as his son commented, "to work as they wished."

For all of his demanding ways, Fries, who introduced steamdriven equipment into his factory long before the war years, seems to have gained much respect in the community, and within his family as well. He served briefly as mayor of the town, as a periodic member of the *Collegium,* and later as a state legislator. And his survivors spoke of him with unfailing admiration, possibly because he was willing to work himself a great deal harder than he worked either his family *or* his slaves. And he even found time to keep a voluminous diary, which itself provides abundant evidence of the man's boundless drive. A typical entry:

"Boys are rather worsted from loss of sleep so put Edmund Holland to carding and let them each take a nap. Run all night again. Holland up all night and boys half a night each. Brother tends boiler and engine till twelve -- myself till morning."

Though he didn't live to see the end of his aspirations, Fries has to be regarded as a man of exceptional stature, having anticipated the cry of the New South entrepreneurs -- "Bring the factories to the field!" -- by fully half a century. And the spirit of old Fries would not die. In spite of war and a desolation the Yankees called peace, his survivors carried on in grand style, managing to generate their own capital in a region so financially prostrate that it would one day find itself deeply in hock to Wall Street money changers.

From this last and most enduring of Yankee conquests, which manifested itself in a colonial-like exploitation of Southern resources, the Fries heirs were singularly independent. By the turn of the century they had built more mills in Virginia. They had also gotten into the mercantile business in a big way. Their hydroelectric generators, created to furnish power for their spindles, were soon lighting the streets of neighboring Winston. And they invested heavily in streetcar and railroad stocks, all the while laying the groundwork for today's Wachovia banking empire.

Best of all, the building where it all began remains as a useful reminder that the plantation South was already on its way to achieving a high measure of economic independence long before the triumph of the Abolitionists, a truth sometimes ignored even by students of the period. But it also reminds us of something even more important: that the concept of gracious living for which the South was once celebrated, however flawed in actuality, has not entirely vanished even in the face of a seemingly inexorable onrush of clamorous "Sun Belt" prosperity.☆

Hunter James is a farmer/journalist who writes feature articles for a major Southern daily newspaper. His book *All the Forgotten Places* was published by Peachtree Publishers.

BOOKNOTES

THE LAST REVIEW

The Confederate Reunion, Richmond 1932.
Virginius Dabney. Chapel Hill: Algonquin Books, 1984. $27.00

This was the splendid first volume produced by Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, which has been in business for two years now, under the able guidance of Dr. Louis B. Rubin, Jr. Since the issue of Dabney's *The Last Review,* Algonquin has published over 40 books, and this volume (their premiere effort) is still available.

Virginius Dabney, a leading... journalist-historian for a half-century, evidences in his book a heightened ambivalence about the very Virginian and Southern past of which he is a distinguished heir.

This is not to say that Dabney's volume is less than significant. It is significant, indeed, especially for those who want a handsome memento of The Way Things Were — warts and all. It is to say rather, that *The Last Review* is punctuated by that besetting doubt which afflicts Southerners who know that, while the past was imperfect, the present — not to mention the future — seems more imperfect still.

This doubt arises from believing it no longer tenable to explain to the modern (as opposed to classical) mind the singular civilization which once prevailed in the Southland. More importantly, the doubt derives from a despair which holds that the Modern Age is upon us and cannot be withstood and so history must be reduced to the quaint: contemporary culture could not abide such idiosyncracies as Southern hospitality and the insistence that economy be subordinate to life and not, as in the current regime, vice versa.

For all its merits, then, *The Last Review* is tinctured by this plaintive farewell to a past of heroism, fidelity to first Constitutional principles, traditional living and individual integrity. "I'm glad I was there to see it go," Mr. Dabney seems to be saying. "but the modern period is too complex for distinctly Southern ways to endure."

With such a sigh, all could be cast to oblivion.

The Last Review has many strengths. Dabney's reminiscences are finely wrought. The volume reproduces the actual *Richmond Magazine* program of the four-day reunion, as well as dozens of newspaper photographs and reports of the occasion.

In addition, *The Last Review* contains, and so preserves, the stirring editorial, "The Last Parade," from the pen of Douglas Southall Freeman. Known to millions for his biography of Robert E. Lee and his three-volume study of Lee's lieutenants, Dr. Freeman was editor of *The Richmond News Leader* for much of the same period that Mr. Dabney was editor of its sister paper, *The Richmond Times Dispatch.*

-David A. Bovenizer

Men And Marriage

George Gilder,
Pelican Books, 1986

The American male has been denied the provider role by feminist legal decisions and by welfare programs such as Aid to Families with Dependent Children. That's the theme of George Gilder's new book on the decline of marriage and family in America.

Taxation burdens for the welfare state have fallen on married couples with children, chiefly because of the erosion of the child deduction. Subsidized day care, Gilder says, is a massive multi-billion dollar federal endorsement of the uninterrupted female career. Gilder's solution is to restore the two parent family to its traditional place in society. Family allowances for day care, with monthly payments for every child, would benefit the family finances and enforce man's role as provider.

Comparable worth, which compares different jobs in terms of their components and ranks them according to salary, is the "feminist road to socialism," says Gilder. Women object to trends that place them in non-traditional job roles. Jobs which involve intense physical exertion, aggressiveness, or high-tech math skills have large female attrition rates. Over 40% of American women would prefer to work at home or in their own entrepreneurial business from their home. Only 12% of American women desire full time employment outside the home. In place of a free market job economy, comparable worth would create a federal bureaucracy to determine pay for each job.

American society is rapidly moving towards a welfare society like that of Sweden. Family breakdown, notes Gilder, can occur with frightening suddeness when government destroys the role of the male provider. "Sweden has enacted the entire agenda of American feminism -- universal day care, family planning, paternity leaves," says Gilder. Diluting the male role has nearly wiped out marriage in Sweden. Its marriage rate fell to the lowest level ever

recorded in world demographic data. Its birthrate fell to 40% below replacement rates required to maintain Zero Population Growth (ZPG). At 100 percent tax rates, a family cannot be provided for on one income.

Fewer children mean a smaller base on which to support the demographic bulge of the aged. American women barely maintain ZPG. The number of American women between the ages of 30 and 34 who expected to have four or more children dropped by 55% in 1967 to 11.5% in 1982. A recent alarming statistic shows that nine out of ten babies are born in Third World countries.

"Taming the barbarians (single men)," says Gilder, "requires that work be made available and that women be sexually unavailable without marriage." To the baby-boom generation (aged 25-45), Gilder has a simple short-term message: self-fullfillment and sexual freedom be given if the family is to survive.

Our productivity depends on creating new technologies faster than the world can create new challenges. The family is the primary unit of capitalism. Just as small businesses, the entrepreneurial building block, thrive and struggle beyond the measurable to exploit family ties, motivation, and unusual ideas; married men succeed because they subordinate themselves to a specialty and struggle for a family.

Julia Stephens

REGIONALISM AND THE SOUTH

Edited by John Shelton Reed and Daniel Joseph Singal.
Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press 1986.

Arkansas has produced some notables -- Dizzy Dean, Donnie Kessinger, Vonda Van Dyke, George Kell, L'il Abner Yokum and Rupert Vance, a native of Plummerville. Vance (1899-1975), son of a country merchant-planter whose fortune diminished during the Depression, arrived at Chapel Hill in 1926 after an undergraduate education at Henderson-Brown College in Arkadelphia, two years as principal of a high school in Oklahoma, and three years on the English faculty at South Georgia College. The rest of Vance's days were spent at Chapel Hill, where he was a progeny and perpetuator of the regional social thought which blossomed under Howard Odum at the University of North Carolina.

Vance's *Human Geography of the South* (1932) was a contribution to regional assessment of such magnitude that it put Vance in company with V.O. Key, W.J. Cash, Kirwin, and Frank Owsley as academic authors most notably reflecting on the South in the first half of the twentieth century. Frankly, until this review, I thought Vance was a geographer, included among sociologists only because of the eclectic nature of the discipline.

An agrarian Vance definitely was not. Vance had witnessed enough of the Jeeter Lester phenomenon first hand so that he, like many other academicians who remained Southern-based geographically, easily "moved north towards home" spiritually and aesthetically. I suspect he would have had more in common with Frank Graham, William Fulbright, Ralph McGill, or Jimmy Carter, than with real Southerners. Vance, as Reed and Signal point out, "contributed about as much as anyone to realizing Odum's vision of Chapel Hill as a center of regional scholarship," or, as it is known today, "policy research". Vance, however, did recognize that Odumic stateways would *not* instantly propel the South into utopia, even if Eleanor Roosevelt or Frank Graham were calling the shots, apart from conflict with entrenched cultural processes.

Vance, dealt with the South, not so much because of intrinsic regional interest or identification, but because this was the locus of the problems to which he addressed attention. By contrast, to the Agrarians, Southern character and opportunity -- flawed and marked by circumstance as it might be -- was familial and fundamental, an inner-essence which directed itself outward toward preservation through solution.

Editors Reed and Singal give us excellent biography by introduction, twenty-two of Dr. Vance's essays 1928-1971, and, courtesy of Lynn Whitener, a Vance bibliography. The Vance essays were prepared for a wide range of occasions and focus on a variety of subjects. Two of the essays, dealing with a couple of rascalous political figures in Arkansas and Tennessee, demonstrated Vance to be a man with deft descriptive insight and the Mencken literary skill to utilize it to the maximum. Southern literature was deprived of a masterpiece of folklore analysis and entertainment by Vance's failure to continue his series of essays on "Spellbinders of the Old South". One shudders to think what a person of such caustic skill could have done to populist-politicians like Pitchfork Ben Tillman, or Tom Watson, Jim Folsom or Ross Barnett, or a contemporary like Edwin Edwards.

Regionalism and the South is not an earth shattering product, but is a pleasant introduction to a man who, in his way, lived in, thought on, and wrote about issues of drama and import to Southern life and culture.

Tommy W. Rogers

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Democracy - A system under which people take the law into their own hands.

Editor - A profession begun by Moses who received tablets written by God and promptly destroyed them.

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THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

ROD GRAGG

●**THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNORS,** ***edited by W. Buck Yearns. University of Georgia Press. $27.50.*** They are all here—those important but usually neglected leaders of the War Between the States—the governors of the Confederacy. According to the standards of States Rights, by which the Confederacy waged war, they were the executives of sovereign states bound by a common cause—yet few students of the War can probably name more than three of four of them.

This well-planned, efficiently organized and professionally written new work can remedy our tendency to overlook the Confederate governors. Composed of essays by experts like John G. Barrett and Buck Yearns, it parades before us such wartime figures as Pickens, Bonham and Magrath of South Carolina; Moore, Shorter and Watts of Alabama; Joseph E. Brown of Georgia; Francis R. Lubbock of Texas; Zebulon Vance of North Carolina and most other Southern governors. The book, despite an excessive pricetag, is a valuable contribution to the literature of the War.

●**SWORD OVER RICHMOND,** ***by Richard Wheeler. Harper & Row. $21.95.*** This new study chronicles one of the major campaigns of the War Between the States—General George B. McClellan's ill-fated attempt to capture Richmond from the east in 1862. McClellan slugged it out with Richmond's Confederate defenders as his gigantic, well-equipped army inched toward the Confederate capital. Within sight of the city's church spires he withdrew—beaten, suffering a case of timidity, or simply unable to capture the city. The story is freshly told in this new, amply-illustrated history written in a very readable style. Richmond eventually *was* taken, of course, but George McClellan wasn't there to see it and his much-touted Peninsula Campaign went into the records as one of the great Federal disappointments of the War.

The campaign was costly for the Confederacy, but it also marked a major milestone in the War: it was during the Peninsula Campaign that a modest Southern general replaced the wounded Confederate commander. The new commander's name? Robert E. Lee.

●**THE LOST COLONY OF THE CONFEDERACY,** ***by Eugene C. Harter. University Press of Mississippi. $14.95.*** At the end of the War Between the States as many as 40,000 Southerners left the conquered South and emigrated to South America—most settling in Brazil. The story of their exodus and the new lives they created in the land of the Amazon has largely been ignored by the generations of historians who recorded the history of the War and Reconstruction. Now American diplomat Eugene C. Harter, a descendant of one of Brazil's Confederate families, reports the story of the great migration in a terse, fascinating volume, which weaves his family history into the larger historical perspective in a satisfactory manner. Some of the expatriots were embittered and determined never to surrender, but most were simply defeated people, devastated by the losses of war and especially by Sherman's ravaging of the South.

"Birds no longer sang," Harter writes. "Defeat had covered the South with the gray palor of hopelessness. The Southern landscape was in shambles. Almost every family mourned the loss of at least one relative in the war. Railroads were torn up. Churches and schools were closed. Every bank was insolvent. Homes, farms, and plantations were destroyed. Entire towns and cities were reduced to rubble. The economy had collapsed. Work was at a standstill as rootless men and women, black and white, roamed the countryside." This is an unusual, intriguing book. It tells the story sympathetically but fairly, and it reveals the fate of at least some of the thousands of Southerners who left the shattered Confederacy following its defeat.

WHISTLIN' DIXIE

J. R. VANOVER

HEY GOOD-LOOKIN; WHATCHA GOT COOKIN'?

I don't know much about cookbooks from a user's point of view since I don't cook much, from books or otherwise. I sort of suspect that cooking from a book is like painting by numbers: fun for some folks, who can't do the real thing. Nevertheless, as an on-again-off-again dieter, I am an inveterate cookbook *reader*. Like a taste for pornography, it's a habit that probably doesn't bear close examination, but whenever I'm in a strange town with time to kill, I hunt up a bookstore and see what the local Junior League has put together.

I just bought a book called *White Trash Cooking*, by Ernest Matthew Mickler. Please understand that I wanted to dislike the book.

Let's start with the title. "White trash" is one of the very few epithets that no one ever uses sympathetically. Brother Dave Gardner, a possible exception, had such a unique spin that you couldn't tell *what* he meant when he talked about the National Association for the Advancement of White Trash; for most of us, though, "Smile when you say that" doesn't even apply. People will call themselves rednecks, but not, I believe, trash. So the sensitive among us may detect at least a whiff of bigotry.

Just to get an angle on this, would you call a book of recipes collected from poor, rural black folks *Nigger Cooking*? Well, I guess you might, but you'd better have the right credentials, and, even so, you'd have to be careful to strike exactly the right note. Mickler comes from hardscrabble North Florida roots, but he picked up a Master of Fine Arts degree in California along the way, and he doesn't quite pull it off. He doesn't scorn the unsuspecting country people who gave him many of his recipes and posed for his photographs, but he sometimes patronizes them, albeit amiably. They don't deserve that.

The book's foreword, written in a sort of *L'il Abner* prose by the publisher, doesn't help. And the plot thickens when we turn to *Vogue*, usually a reliable negative bellwether, and find a favorable review down there with the Calvin Klein ads, the pedophilia and high kink.

For some inexplicable (or at least unexplained) reason, some of the author's photographs are stuck in the middle of the book. They look about like what you'd expect from a California M.F.A. turned loose with a camera in the rural South. A blurb inside the front cover from the editor of something called *Aperture* praises them, but personally I liked them better when Walker Evans did them in black and white, fifty years ago.

But the book also has blurbs from Roy Blount, Jr., and Ed McClanahan, who know Southern humor, and from Judith Olney, who knows good food, as well as one from ex-Governor Jim Hunt of North Carolina, who knows—who knows? Anyway, curious, I paid my thirteen dollars, took the book home, and started reading the recipes—what a cookbook is all about, after all. And, bless my soul, it *is* good.

There are actually three cookbooks here. The first presents Southern white soul food—hopping john, corn pone, and other staples, as well as exotica like possum and 'gator. This cuisine for the most part is indistinguishable from the black variety, which would stand to reason even without interracial recipe trading. In both cases we're talking about the food of poor country people, making do with what's at hand; for both races, that has meant corn, pork, game, molasses, and so forth. (See Joe Grey Taylor, *Eating, Drinking and Visiting in the South*, for a nice informal history.)

Now, if you're really only after soul food recipes, there are better guides than *White Trash Cooking*. My own favorite is *The Buster Holmes Restaurant Cookbook*. Buster's is where I first ate New Orleans red beans and rice. (In 1968, it was thirty-five cents, as I recall. Now, alas, it is closer to two dollars.)

In addition to these traditional entries, however, *White Trash Cooking* offers a set of recipes for *modern* poor folks. That still means inexpensive food. It also means *easy* food, one reason these recipes are regarded as trashy. But the inference that only a lazy, slatternly housewife would stoop to something like Freda's Five-Can Casserole is unfair, not to mention unkind. These are recipes devised by unliberated women who put in eight-hour days at shift-work, come home exhausted to families that expect hot suppers, and only send out to Pizza Hut on special occasions.

Since women like these aren't the only Americans who appreciate cheap, easy, decent-tasting grub, I'm sure many others could use these recipes, too. Graduate students come to mind, as do yuppies saving up for a new set of speakers or a dinner at Chez Panisse (although they'll probably want to take the empty mushroom soup cans and Velveeta boxes to a dumpster in the dark of night). If you can ignore the cultural connotations of this food, in other words, you can eat well out of this book. I wish I'd had some of these recipes when I was single.

But those cultural connotations are sometimes hard to ignore. The third set of recipes in this book are the culinary equivalent of pink-flamingo yard ornaments. They're presumably what Blount and McClanahan find funny, but they ought to be ashamed of themselves. Sneering at these dishes is too easy. How else can you respond, though, to something like Tutti's Fruited Porkettes? Tutti's own granddaughter remarks that you can't get trashier than a Hawaiian recipe with Southern ingredients.

Southern readers, at least, will probably end up by entering into the spirit of this enterprise, however much they may hate themselves for it in the morning. They'll note, for instance, the omission of some traditional favorites. There's no recipe here for chitterlings (as I'm sure the author will hear from Salley, South Carolina, home of the annual Chitlin Strut). Nor is the corndog mentioned. (Like barbeque, but with less reason, corndogs are seldom prepared at home—why not, I wonder?) But the most conspicuous omission is the Vienna sausage sandwich (*Petit Saucisson en Bidon*, Michael Hicks calls it). Half-a-dozen little links right out of the can between two slices of white bread, slathered with Miracle Whip and dressed with pickle relish—now *that's* eating. In emergencies, Viennas just with soda crackers aren't bad either.

Once you get rolling, you can devise your own recipes. I recall squirming with embarrassment for my political party when Tricia Nixon once supplied some woman's magazine with her recipe for Twinkie Surprise. (Hide a Twinkie beneath vanilla ice cream and serve—surprise!) Thinking about it now reminds me of another regional favorite that Mickler doesn't mention: anyone for Moon Pie Surprise?

If you're a cook, a serious eater, or just a Dixiphile with a sense of humor, *White Trash Cooking* deserves a look. It may even deserve a place on your kitchen shelf next to *Bill Neal's Southern Cooking*, a fine recent guide to the up-scale side of our region's cuisine.

And while I'm plugging cookbooks, let me direct your attention to one called *The Famous Writers' Cookbook*. It is notable less for the recipes (well, would you read *Short Stories by Famous Cooks*?) than for the letters that accompany them. It's worth it if only for Roy Blount, Jr.'s "Ode to Grits," which concludes:

True grits, more grits, fish, grits, and collards.

Life is good where grits are swallered.

White Trash Cooking, by Ernest Matthew Mickler ($12.95 plus $1.00 postage, etc., from The Jargon Society, 1000 West Fifth Street, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27101).

Bill Neal's Southern Cooking ($15.95 at your bookseller's, published by the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill).

Famous Writers' Cookbook (published by the Yoknapatawpha Press, Oxford, Mississippi).

The Buster Holmes Restaurant Cookbook ($8.95 plus $1.05 postage for first copy plus .25 postage for additional copies, from Pelican Publishing Co., Dept. BH, P. O. Box 189, Gretna, Louisiana 70053).

Joe Grey Taylor, *Eating, Drinking and Visiting in the South* (published by the Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge).

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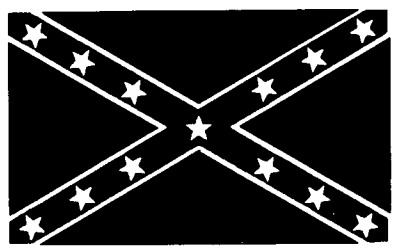

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THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

OH BROTHER!

IF ANYTHING BOILS MY BLOOD IT IS TO COME UPON ONE OF THOSE BRONZE MARKERS IN A PUBLIC PARK MEMORIALIZING THE POLITICIANS WHO HELD OFFICE DURING THE TIME WHEN THE FACILITY WAS BUILT, CLAIMING CREDIT FOR IT AS THOUGH THEY, THE POLS, AND NOT US LONGSUFFERING CITIZENS, PAID THE BILL.

You must know what I mean: those vainglorious tablets listing His Holiness the Governor, the Commissioner of Public Works (or of Highways, or whatever), and then a clutch of legislators and functionaries.

The afflatus is something! In Washington, there is a bad habit of bilking the taxpayers for monstrosities like the Sam Rayburn building; in the South, highways are regularly dedicated to the memory of defunct scoundrels, whose reputations would be more fittingly interred with their bones.

Exalting politicians in death is practice lamentable enough; but more pernicious yet is what has become "acceptable" palm-greasing.

Permit a personal example from my home town of Camden. There the famed Carolina Cup steeplechase meet is held every spring. It is an endearing festival, a gay (true sense) *fête champêtre* where stunningly pretty college girls in fresh tans delight the roving eye. There *are* folk, however, who shell out good money for infield parking on the finish line because they like to watch the horses run; yet when they roll into their dearly purchased spaces in rows A or B or C, what do they find? Why, that their view is obstructed—some would say trashed and violated—by a crowd of politicians, their wives, children, kinfolk, and friends, who have been given free passes on the rail.

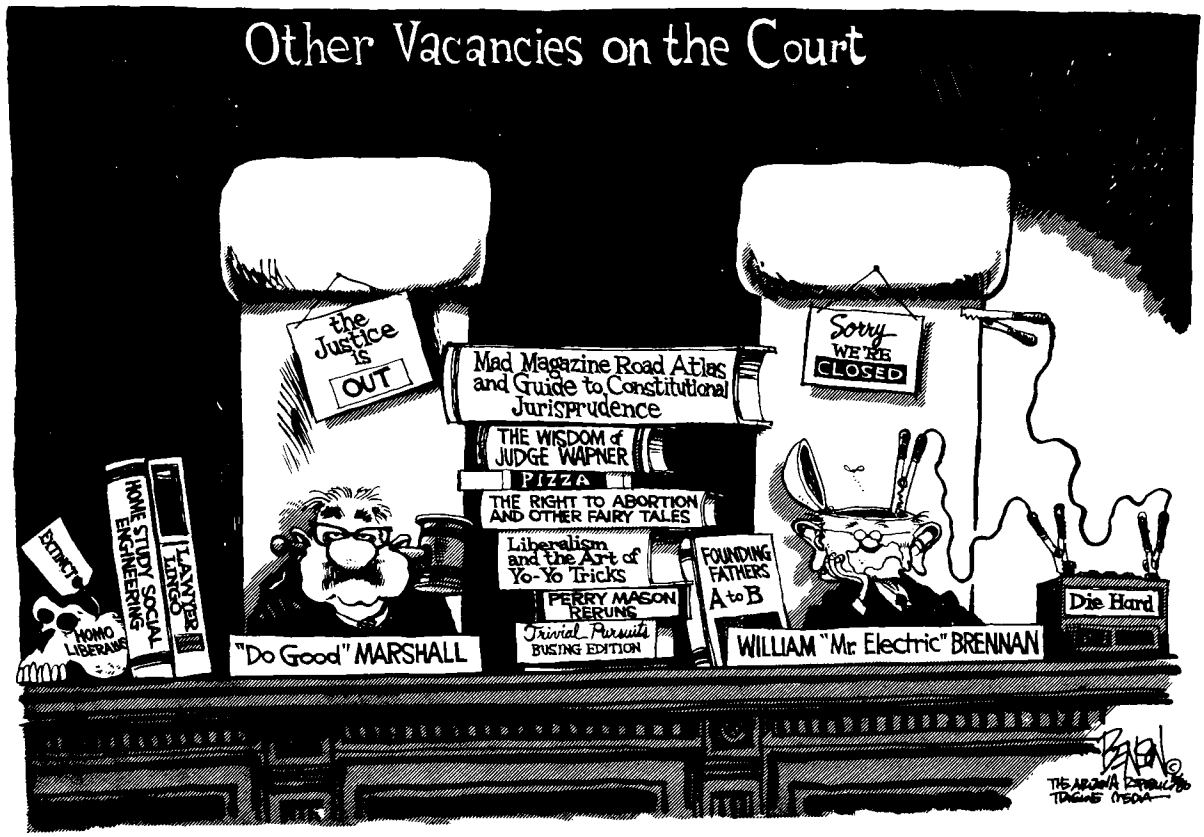
The environmental impact is dismal. Politicians as a tribe are *loud*. Their laughter is raucous. The men bray and boom and their consorts shriek. Dear God, how they strut, yet how *self-conscious* they are in the vanity of their office, desperate to be noticed. The spectacle is not only embarrassing: it is a scandal.

People in public life should every one make double and triple sure that they receive nothing gratis from any person or organization. Whether explicitly or implicitly, their influence is being solicited—I am careful not to write suborned—and you might think the pols themselves would have the sensitivity to say, "Thanks, but no thanks."

What galls this observer most, however, is the assumption of PRIVILEGE that the custom represents.

I am a republican, small *r*. Don't believe in royalty. *Real* glad we cleared the decks of George III 210 years ago, and that in our Constitution we prohibited citizens from holding or accepting titles. There has burgeoned in this republic, however, a grotesque tendency to elevate our politicians to a species of aristocracy. This was particularly evident in the adulation that surrounded the Kennedy tribe when JFK was elected president. I've had personal experience of it. My brother Jim was briefly a politician. We have promised to keep this blemish in his otherwise impeccable career from his grandchildren, but it is true: he ran for office in 1970, and in a rare display of good sense on the part of the people of New York, got it. During the campaign, I became disgusted with the sycophancy and toadying that surrounded my poor sibling everywhere he went. The magic appellation, "Senator So-and-So," sets all sorts of lesser public officials and otherwise dignified citizens to scraping and bowing like so many waiters in a Swiss hotel.

We know why, of course. To our politicians we have given power over our pocketbooks, more and more. And all the more reason for putting them in their place. George Washington set the correct tone by signing his letters, "Your Servant." Never mind whether old George meant that for a *single instant*, it is the decent republican (small *r*) spirit. Name highways for poets, painters, and clowns, who lastingly enrich our lives. Name public parks for priests, warriors, and philanthropists. Or drunks. We must at all costs resist adulation of public officials. It swells their heads unbearably, and they are Heaven knows already megacephalic. We must avoid slipping into their palms passes to concerts and plays and sporting events, whose object is one only, and that both dishonorable and despicable, corrupting of the giver if not the receiver. I think I shall have to write the Carolina Cup Committee that if there MUST be an enclave for politicians at the races, from fear of the moral and goodness-knows-what-other contagion they are liable to spread among the public, let it be situated somewhere to the rear, say between the hotdog stands and the latrines.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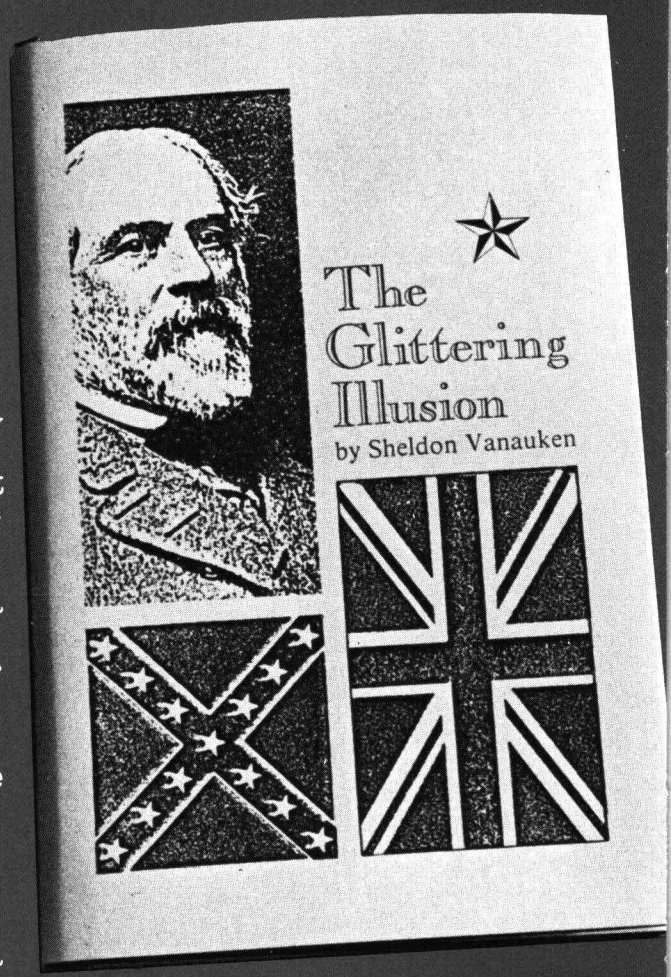

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